

Vol. XIV

THURSDAY, DECEMBER ,15 1904.

No. 44.

THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



A
WEEKLY MAGAZINE
PRICE 5 CENTS.

The Mirror



FAST TRAIN
BETWEEN

St. Louis
AND
New Orleans



FAST TRAIN
BETWEEN

St. Louis
AND
Mobile



FAST TRAIN
BETWEEN

St. Louis
AND
Montgomery



DINING CARS

PALATIAL

SLEEPERS



TICKET OFFICE: 518 OLIVE STREET.

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

BETWEEN

SAINT LOUIS AND CHICAGO

»VIA«

A Double Track Railway



Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railway

Merchants Bridge, St. Louis.

LaSalle St. Station, Chicago.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, FRISCO BLDG., 9th and OLIVE STS.

The Mirror

VOL. XIV—No. 44

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1904.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.



WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR

ON December 22nd the Christmas number of THE MIRROR will be issued. As in past years, this number will be more than four times as large as the regular weekly issue, and the contributions of essays, music, poems, stories, sketches, criticisms and miscellany, will be of especial interest and from the pens of able and distinguished contributors. The issue will be decorated with a unique cover in colors. The price of the Christmas number on the streets and at the news stands will be 10 cents per copy, but regular subscribers will receive it through the mails without extra charge. Every St. Louisan should not only read the CHRISTMAS MIRROR, but should invest in half a dozen or more copies to send to his friends outside the city. The CHRISTMAS MIRROR is the highest class publication turned out in St. Louis and is representative of the best aspects of the city's life and effort.



CONTENTS

RACE GAMBLING "UP TO" PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. National Demand for the Suppression of the Nuisance, Disease, Vice and Crime: By William Marion Reedy	1-2
REFLECTIONS: If I Were Folk—Phony Jewelry—Folk in Fiction—Traded Lives—A New Big Three—Kerens—Corporations at War—Sex Obsession—The Seductioness—A White Man and Whyte—Those Policy Games—A Rotten Book—A Kinloch Kick, Too—Rents Must Imitate Zaccheus—The Moll Joints—Death on Horses—Bursting a Cinch—Those Awful Sunday Supps—Good Breeding—'Twill Get Tom—Race Suicide—A Clean Sweep of Graft—Gross Absurdities—A Very Good Riddance	3-5
HOW WE FIGHT THE DEMON BUTLER: By Larry B. Casew	5
MR. TOM LAWSON OF BOSTON: By Francis A. House	5-6
A SEASONABLE MORAL: By W. D. Howells	6
ON THE GIVING OF BOOKS: By Montrose J. Moses	6-7
FRANCE'S MASONIC MORGAN MURDER MYSTERY: By Marcia McQueen	7-8
APERTO VIVERE VOTO: By Lec. Wilson Dodd	7
THE RANSOM OF MACK: By O. Henry	8-9
AT THE PLAY	11-15
THE HORSE SHOW	15-16
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE	16-17
NEW BOOKS	18-19
WOMAN'S TATTOOING FAD	20
DANGER IN A HUNTER'S SUIT	21
THE STOCK MARKET	22-23

Race Gambling "Up to" President Roosevelt

National Demand for the Suppression of the Nuisance, Disease, Vice and Crime

By William Marion Reedy

A GANG of gamblers controls the race tracks of the country. This gang owns the tracks or it controls their destinies through clubs or associations that say whether or not a track shall be allowed to run. It controls the betting privileges on the tracks and it is interested in books. It appoints the starters and judges of racing and it holds horse owners in the hollow of its hand. Its friends make books on the races. The gang can fix races to win money from the public. It can force out of racing any horse-owner who will not stand for fixing a race to swindle the public. It can bar from the betting rings any bookmaker who may protest against fixed races. This gang has transformed a great sport into a "sure thing" "skin" game.

This gang sells the news of the races to the telegraph company, which sells it in turn to the pool room and hand book proprietors all over the country. This race news consists of information as to the state of the track, the names of the jockeys, condition of the horses, the odds in the betting and the results of the races. It is scattered over the country and is known as "dope." This information is what the bettors form their judgment upon. It is the lure for those innocent of gambling. The gang controls publications called "racing forms," that are widely circulated with their information as to what horses compete with one another, what they have done in previous races and what certain experts think of the chances of the horses for winning under all the conditions of the contest.

The daily newspapers in the big cities also publish tables showing what the horses do in each race daily. They not only publish the results of the races of yesterday or to-day, but they print the judgment of so-called experts as to what horses will run first, second and third to-morrow, or at some future day. The hundreds of thousands of race fiends read these tips with avidity.

The telegraph and the daily press are used to foster the gambling craze. The sure tip from those who know, tempts men and women and boys and girls to gamble. As the craze spreads, the pool rooms that have been confined to the cities, begin to appear in country towns and the rural villages have their full complement of plungers, who think of nothing but picking a winner. The daily paper gives the winner, second and third horse in every race several hours before the race is run. Every tip thus printed is an invitation to the readers to gamble. It is an easy-money bait. Thus it comes about that in all the big cities there are thousands upon thousands of race gamblers who may never see a horse race. They bet

thousands and hundreds in some cases, but in order that no money may escape there are places where bets are taken of a dollar, a quarter or a dime. There are men in all the big office buildings taking bets. There are bookmakers operating in the factories and in the great stores. The people bet upon races that may be run in their own city or upon races that are run thousands of miles away. There are 70,000,000 people in the United States. There must be 5,000,000 people who are bitten by this gambling mania. Logically, the money put up must eventually go to the proprietors of the game. The men who control racing make the bookmakers pay for the privilege of booking and the bookmaker naturally makes sure that his patrons shall pay that tax.

The gang controlling the race tracks and the horse owners have arranged that there shall be some racing going on somewhere all the year around. They sell the information to the telegraph companies, which sell it to the men running betting establishments. The papers continue to print the tips. The fool public continues to bet and the gambling gang continues to gather in the coin from the bookmakers, the horse owners, the public. When opportunity offers a race is fixed here and there. A false tip is sent out. The public bets upon the doctored information sent out. The race results as the gambling gang wants it and the public is beautifully trimmed. The horses that are fixed to win are bet upon by those in the know and they take the money put up by the public on the horses that the gambling gang has given out should win "on form."

This gambling gang is in politics. It has secured laws in its interest, laws that put restrictions upon racing except under conditions which only the gang can meet. There can't be any more race tracks, if the gang don't want them. They can make it a crime to bet on a race horse in one locality and a perfectly legal act to bet upon the same race in the same jurisdiction, not a mile away. A man may bet on a horse race outside a race track fence and be arrested, while another man may do the same thing inside the same fence and be protected by the law. The gang has framed laws giving certain State authorities power to regulate dates, but the law is so concocted that no dates can be given under its provisions to anyone not in with the gambling gang. These laws are passed under pretense of fostering horse breeding. They are actually designed to foster gambling and to make this particular kind of gambling a monopoly controlled by a few men in each State. These men in each State have joined with like men in other States to make racing rules for horse owners and jockeys and bookmakers, and unless all these rules are complied with

The Mirror

no race track can start and be considered legitimate. The gambling gang thus reaches out all over the country and controls the racing and consequently the betting on racing and consequently again all the revenues that may come from racing and all the gambler's profit upon the wagers made by the public.

People in one State are enabled thus to bet on races run in another State. Gambling is made an interstate, national evil. The telegraph and telephone and the mails are used by the gamblers to convey their information, upon which wagers are made, from one city to another, from one State to another. Millions of dollars are wagered daily on the races, when you consider that there are hundreds of hand books and pool room proprietors operating in every big city, and that these hundreds may exist it is necessary that thousands of people should play with them. Figures published of the operations of the Eastern tracks show that the aggregate of the business of their books was \$1,000,000 a day; or the monstrous sum of \$200,000,000 for the 200 days they were allowed to run. This is a sum sufficiently large almost to run the Government of the United States. Betting on the races is the most widespread form of gambling ever known. Why should it not be, with all the great newspapers touting for the game, printing the daily invitation to bet on each race, professing to tell how to win money and exploiting as to such race what a bet on the winner, second or third horse would have won? All the readers of the great dailies are invited in every issue to play the game. How much money is wagered each day is almost incalculable, though we know that in about six months the get-rich-quick concerns, professing to be able to win money surely for all who would invest money with them, robbed the people of millions upon millions of dollars.

There are always good crowds at the tracks where the races are run, but the crowds at the track are not one-twentieth of the number of people who make bets upon the races. There have been as high as one hundred hand books running in St. Louis for the accommodation of race fiends at one time and, Lord knows how many running in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati, Kansas City, San Francisco and even much smaller towns. When the betting goes on in all the cities at the same time, it may be imagined how many people are playing and how many dollars are wagered daily on "the ponies." Proprietors of great newspapers are frank enough to say that they would rather discontinue any feature of their publication than the department devoted to the race dope and tips. That department is read and followed by more people of all kinds than any other in the paper. It may be said that broadly speaking in any city, every saloon, every cigar store, every barber shop, every branch laundry office is the cover for a little hand book where the people may make bets. In all those places wagers are taken and the bettors, if they cannot reach the place, send in their bets over the telephone.

There are fifty bettors on horse races, nay one hundred, where there was one player in the old Louisiana Lottery Company, and yet the Louisiana Lottery concern was deemed such a source of gambling corruption that the United States Government forbade the use of the mails for the purposes of sending money for tickets or tickets for money to or from the lottery agents. The Louisiana Lottery agents were in politics in all the States and cities just as the race gambling gang is in politics to-day in the States and cities.

The race track magnates own political leaders and put up money for their support in all the big cities. They have their tools on every police force, their agents in the party committees, their employees in

city assemblies and State legislatures, their subsidized tools in the sporting editorships of too many newspapers. Racing moguls terrorize office holders everywhere into compliance with their will. They have great politico-legal lights for their counsel. They get into legitimate business enterprises of importance to enlist the support of fellow-investors in those enterprises for the race tracks. They appeal to the breweries by selling their beer at the tracks. They get the backing of transportation companies by showing how tracks on their lines make traffic. They save the papers by being in concerns that place large advertising contracts. Thus they lure reputable business men into supporting the gambling game. They have positions to give to the dependents of men of influence.

All this constitutes power. When such powers in all the cities are united in one combination of power, working to the ends of each sub-power, it is not hard to understand how laws are fixed, while public opinion is deadened or choked on the subject, to perpetuate the game and to confirm the combination in a monopoly. The people of the various States and cities are plundered without interference of the authorities or with their active support and participation in the profits. And the profits are almost uncountable. Race-gambling millionaires are cropping up like mushrooms, and that they may do so, men in places of trust are made embezzlers through playing the game, workmen are made to spend their wages, professional men are kept pauperized, women are confirmed in gambling with their husbands' money, men are driven to forger and suicide and the population of tramps is multiplied appallingly. The young men are particularly lured to ruin through being confirmed in habits of idleness by the chances of winning money without working hard for it. Every surety and bonding company in the United States can furnish evidence that much more than half the defalcations, embezzlements, thefts, forgeries and minor business failures are caused by the growth of the race-gambling habit among the people. Millions of dollars daily are, by the race-gambling mania, diverted from legitimate channels of trade and thousands of able men are unfitted for use to themselves or society by the rotting of the will consequent upon the addiction to the game of chance. The race-gambling habit makes loafers out of men who should be working. And the loafer who *won't work will steal* in order to play the game. They will rob their parents and wives and brothers and sisters and friends to keep going against their vice. The race-gambling habit spells ruin financially, morally, mentally, physically. It makes tramps, thieves, lunatics, bawds, murderers. It makes them in increasing numbers in every municipality in the nation.

How much worse will conditions be when the gambling is spread by the telegraph and telephone and post office to the smaller towns and villages?

Therefore, the race-gambling evil is an imminent national issue, a grave universal moral issue, growing more acute daily. Every tip-printing daily paper is increasing the number of racing fiends. In fact, the extras are increasing the fiends hourly. Even the school children are being dragged into the vice. We hear of penny bets in the East taken by agents in the school yards. The quarter bet is taken all over St. Louis. Women are lured into betting as they enter the great bargain stores. Gambling agents work on the elevated trains and street cars in New York and Chicago.

Every clergyman in the land, every school teacher, every person who has no personal profit or pleasure of this monstrous vice, every father and mother whose boy is endangered by it, every employer whose employees are apt to be led to theft by the craze, every decent citizen should arise and clamor that this great evil be

swept away. That would awaken the lawmakers to the necessity of legislating the vice out of existence, so far as possible, by making difficult the practice of it and providing severe punishment for those who promote it. Popular opinion will drive from place all the political allies in office of the great robbery and the fosterers of the general moral cancer that is eating away the people's honesty and even their rationality. The popular voice upraised against this combination of nuisance, disease, vice and crime will and shall startle the National Congress into action and it is now about time for the Man, the Man "clean as a hound's tooth," in the White House to bring the matter to the attention of Congress in a special message.

A national law prohibiting the use of the mails, the telegraph and telephone for the transmission of information for the facilitation of race-gambling, prohibiting the publication, in newspapers or otherwise, of "tips" to those contemplating gambling on horse races or other events, is needed. Nay, more; it is urgently demanded by the awakened moral sense of the people. Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, is the man to voice this outraged moral sense of the people. He is the one person who can give the only adequate effect to the protest of the people against being systematically plundered and insidiously debauched by a mob of ignorant, greedy, polluted swindlers who have developed blacklegger into a science and an art of pimping to the passion for wealth without working for it.

District Attorney Jerome is enlisted for the fight in New York.

Mayor Carter Harrison has inaugurated the war in Chicago.

Governor-Elect Folk is pledged to stamp out the evil in Missouri.

Governor-Elect Dineen, by virtue of his record, is committed to the cause in Illinois.

But the evil is an interstate as well as a State concern, and it can be reached thoroughly only by a national enactment. Such an enactment would result from a mere suggestion by the President.

Therefore, the leadership of this necessary crusade for cleanliness and honesty and general sanity of character is up to Theodore Roosevelt, the strenuous, the safe, the sane—the greatest, truest exponent of political, social, popular and individual purity.



Hoodooed at the Biz. Men's Club

THE city needs a whole new charter. But the politicians holding office at the City Hall don't want it. They want to amend the Charter so as to raise the salaries of offices to which they hope to be elected at the same time the salary amendments are adopted. Appointive officers who hold over two years into the next Mayor's term, likewise, want only a salary amendment, as they think, they can evade the law against an increase of salary during official incumbency by resigning only to be reappointed. The salary increase is a good and just measure, but the charter doesn't exist solely for the office holders, but for all the people. A brand new charter is needed, and should be had as soon as possible. Patching the old Charter is only a makeshift. The Business Men's League was weak when it turned down the proposal to frame a skeletal charter upon the tentative suggestions of which a committee of freeholders, as provided by law, could construct a new charter remedying most of the defects in civic administration here. The politicians are afraid a whole new charter would not pull through. They think the salary increase amendment may pull through. They seem to have hoodwinked and "hoodooed" the Business Men's League.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

If I Were Folk.

MORE local ex-assemblemen go to the penitentiary for boodling, as a result of Mr. Folk's prosecutions. Mr. Folk advances two weeks hence to the Governorship. Which suggests to me something. Mr. Folk's boodle crusade has been successful. Only the small fry have been caught. The boodle whales escaped. The tempted are in the trap. The tempters are free. For all practical purposes a day's incarceration in the penitentiary is enough punishment for men who have enjoyed popularity and position. The man who prosecuted and convicted the boodlers will soon have power to pardon them, and he can do it, if he will, with good grace and without incurring harsh criticism. I'm no Richard Le Gallienne, to write a book called "If I Were God," but if I were Folk I'd pardon the poor devils I convicted, since it can be done without defeating the ends of justice.



Phony Jewels.

WE are very provincial in the West. I see that Mrs. David R. Francis repudiates an Eastern advertisement that she bought on the Pike a phony diamond necklace, which she wore at the World's Fair functions. What if she did get for \$110 a string of blinks that looked like \$50,000! That is all right. It is the proper thing in swell society in the East. All the queens of the 400 wear false jewels—they can't trust their associates, you know. Mrs. Francis should not be indignant at being accused of being up-to-date. There is consolation, too, in knowing that it is swell to sport bum "rocks," for Hon. James H. Cronin and more Hon. John J. McGillicuddy, or "Cuddy Mack," who squealed because a wise geezer sold them glass drops for diamonds. Harry Lehr wears fake diamonds. Messrs. Cronin and Cuddy Mack should not protest out loud about their phonies. It shows they are not up to good form and it may cause a suspicion that the sparks in question are the only ones they ever had that they'd be willing to submit to close inspection by the police.



Folk in Fiction.

MR. HOMER BASSFORD, of the *Republic*, has a story in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in which the hero is drawn from Mr. Joseph W. Folk. It is a nice little story about a prosecuting attorney who discovers that the father of the woman he loves is a boodler. St. Louis is getting on the map, even on the map of the Land of Tenderness.



Traded Lives.

WHOEVER is looking for a good novel to forget the selection of Christmas presents and other troubles cannot do better than read Katherine Cecil Thurston's "The Masquerader." It's a good story and well written. The tale is so well told that you forget its inherent impossibility. A fiction seldom has been truer than this story of a change of places in life between John Loder, hack writer, and John Chilcote, member of Parliament and social figure. All the complications are mental or psychical and the situations are tense as in a story of fighting. Incidentally there is a good sketchy study of morphinism, and *Eve Chilcote* is a woman to remember while other heroines a-many come and go. Imagination of the most searching

kind marks this novel and the character-drawing has distinction, while the writing is strong and graceful. "The Masquerader" is a late blossom of the literary year, but it is a fragrant one. The Jekyll-Hyde theme has been dealt with in many variations, but "The Masquerader" has a charm of its own from "Chap. I." to "Finis."



A New Big Three.

NEWEST of political combinations in St. Louis is that of Harry B. Hawes and Tony Stuever, with Mr. Nelson W. McLeod to "stall" and "front" for the game. Race track, brewery and—the church. Oh, fine! The three are already caucusing, and I suppose the Lemp boys and the Buschs will be dumped in the interest of Home beer, after Gussie Busch has been elaborately handed a rotten apple and the Lemps lured into a trap. This is the combination against Butler. Isn't it lovely? And of course it will keep Jim McCaffrey in the Election Commissioners' office. Of a verity, reform is rampant these days.



Kerens.

MR. RICHARD C. KERENS is quoted as worth many million dollars. He is spending some of them freely, if not questionably, to be elected United States Senator from Missouri. He is a resident of St. Louis. He refused to contribute even so much as a dollar to the World's Fair fund. That was the reason his request for a ticket to the banquet to President Roosevelt by the Fair directory, was refused. Is a man who is no better St. Louisian or Missourian than Kerens has shown himself, fit for the Senatorship? No—not even if he buys it.



Corporations at War.

Now that the Supreme Court has decided that the Western Union Telegraph grants do not convey eminent domain, we may look for an attempt of the Postal Telegraph Company to string its wires on Western Union poles. Strange that this decision against the Postal's rival—though the latter does not figure in the war between Western Union and the Pennsylvania railroad or Gould and Cassatt—should come from a Californian. Mackay, of the Postal, is a Californian. But the public will be glad to know of any declaration of law that strikes at the telegraph monopoly. The Pennsylvania's victory may be regarded as an offset to the Gould coup in getting the Wabash into Pittsburg, upon receipt of the news of which, Cassatt ordered all the Western Union poles along his lines chopped down. Well, let the corporations squabble. Then, perhaps, the people will come into their own.



Sex Obsession.

MRS. CHADWICK divides honors, in the sensational press, with Mrs. Maybrick. The sort of suggestion their stories convey to the minds of the young is not exactly the sort necessary to the spiritualizing and strengthening of the future mothers of the Republic. There is too much exploiting of women in the papers. A woman's picture is worth more than any news item. A woman-story is "just the juice," and especially for a Sunday paper. We know what all this means. We know the passion and the function it

appeals to. We know it is simply journalistic catering, as far as it dare go, to the taste for the kind of pictures you dare not send through the mails, for the kind of photographs that get the photographers in jail. The Everlasting Woman in the newspapers is the sign of national sex obsession which is complementary of the dollar disease.



The Seductioness.

THAT lady who wrote "Pigs in Clover," Mrs. Frankau, has written another novel, "Baccarat," that passes the limit. It's only the story of a foolish little married woman who goes broke at the tables, needs money, drinks too much with a croupier, takes money from him and gives him what men want who give women money. All that redeems the story is the power with which the woman's anguish, upon her awakening with her children about her, after her surrender, is depicted. This chapter will wring the heart even of the man who feels that the description of the dinner that culminated in the seduction might be a scene from his own life. Aside from these scenes the novel is worthless—the husband's attempts at forgiveness of his wife are not realized well. Mrs. Frankau is brave. She has written such a sketch of that dinner and its denouement as convicts her, apparently, of as much knowledge of that sort of thing as she shows later in her details of the seduced wife's *accouchement*. Mrs. Frankau, or Frank Danby, is clever. She is a female George Moore. But she strips herself as women do, as no man does, in writing. And the "altogether" is revolting. I, personally, like only the glint of lace, the hint of a contour, the glimpse of a stocking, or a ribbon just peeping over a collar. Who cares for the beefy, British blonde in tights—but, of course, British blondes even have hearts and consciences, and one who has often had her "shape" in the *Police Gazette* might appreciate the agony of *Julie Courtney's* awakening, after the *diner a deux*, to the fact that she had sold herself. Mrs. Frankau described a seduction in "Pigs in Clover." It was great writing in its way. In "Baccarat" she surpasses herself. But how does she know the game so well? The question is legitimate, as Mrs. Frankau makes it so much a specialty that she might well be called a seductioness.



A White Man and Whyte.

DEMOCRATS are still bringing out their samples of men for Mayor. A pretty good suggestion recently was that Judge Daniel G. Taylor would be the man to nominate. It is not known who is responsible for the mention of Harbor Commissioner Whyte for Mayor, but it's some man who is sure that Mr. Whyte can beat Wells out of the nomination. It is likely that if Mr. Whyte doesn't beat Wells out of the nomination he will beat him out of the election. Mr. Whyte's popularity is enormous, with a minus sign in front of it. He was the inevitable Irishman to turn the spit when it was stuck through another Irishman in the Catering Company deal.



Those Policy Games.

ONE day last week it was semi-officially announced that all the crap games had been ordered closed. The day before the head of the gambling squad reported "no gambling in St. Louis." How soon will it be that the craps players will be told to open again? And is it not about time that the policy games, all run by proteges of Col. Ed Butler, will be raided or told to close. A policy game's profit off the city's daries runs as high as \$150 per day. Policy games are monopolized by the Butler set in politics, and they run without interference. Yet the police force is fighting Butler. Oh, my eye! It seems that poli-

The Mirror

cy's the best honesty with the excessively anti-Butler Police Board now ruling St. Louis. A policy king worth a million dollars was sent to the penitentiary in New York, but no one can discover policy in St. Louis, although there are four or five games running daily, and the proprietors are the plutocrats of petty politics. Of course these plutocrats don't put up a cent for protection. When they blab around town that they have to give up so much that they make nothing for themselves—this is when there isn't any public attention bestowed on the game—they are romancing. To be sure.



A Rotten Book.

WORST of all the nuisances in the City of St. Louis is the Bell Telephone Company's Directory. It is snide, flimsy, rottenly printed, inconvenient in size, ill-arranged—utterly disgraceful to the corporation issuing it, and to the city at large. Manager Geo. F. Durant should be arrested, charged with conducting an indecent publication.



A Kinloch Kick, Too.

AND the Kinloch Telephone Company should try to devise some means whereby it can keep its operators awake, or its phones working at "Central" after 9 o'clock p. m. Trying for a Kinloch connection after that hour is provocative of more profanity than any other incident of daily, or nightly, life in this community.



Rents Must Imitate Zaccheus.

PROPERTY owners are bull-headed about the reduction of the World's Fair renting figures. Real estate agents should get together and give their property owners and clients the facts and figures showing the necessity of rent reduction. Rents must come down if thousands of people are not to be driven out of town, and if "for rent" signs are not to appear down town in such numbers as to suggest the Deserted Village. It is a mistaken policy to maintain high rents. It will drive tenants from the heart of the city to the outlying sections long before the down-town residence sections are ready to be transformed into small store or skyscraper neighborhoods. This city is too much scattered now for the good of the whole city. Rents must come down.



The Moll Joints.

A MAN who runs the vilest dive in St. Louis for the entrapping of women to drink and debauch can kill a man and get off on a Coroner's jury verdict solely because a political brewery boss stood around and impressed the officials. It has long been a mystery why two notorious "moll joints" could run in Sixth street, the very heart of the city, in palpable violation of the express letter and spirit of the excise law. What pull has protected the Republican proprietor of the "Tannhauser" and Deck's place, under Democratic officials, while Democrats for minor violations were "run in" and deprived of their licenses? Wide open brothels can run under the noses of the police, but a Democratic saloon man who happens not to vote on the right side in a primary is put out of business. It looks like more rake-off for somebody.



Bursting a Cinch.

"BUSTED" is the epitaph of the Transit Company, but Transit stockholders who have United Railways stock are still on Easy street. The creditors of the Transit Company hold the bag. Wait until the fact of the evasion of the Transit debts soaks in on the people, and then listen to the boom for municipal ownership and three-cent fares. There's only one thing sure about a cinch, and that is that it will burst.

The people can smash any monopoly when they get ready. A blanket bill for a railroad system to use the United Railways tracks, or to parallel them will shortly be in order. And a Supreme Court not cinched by Sam Priest, the discoverer that "bribery is a conventional offense," may possibly kick the stuffing out of the street railway consolidation law framed by that gentleman, and "conventionally" jammed through the legislature by that gentleman.



Death on Horses.

PRETTY soon a special detachment of police will be necessary to perform the necessary equicides upon the horses that daily fall and break their legs on the bituminous macadam paving on Lindell boulevard and West Pine street. Those two roads should be sanded during the winter for the benefit of horse owners.



Those Awful Sunday Supps.

THE appended paragraph, which I find in *Town Topics*, while a little strong and too sweeping in some respects, voices my sentiments and those of a great many others who are doomed to read the Sunday newspapers:

This is the most appropriate time to protest against the brutality of the so-called comic pictures in the Sunday supplements of the daily papers. Without exception, from Buster Brown down to his less artistic imitators, the pictures teach such cruelty to children that the Gerry Society ought to arrest all persons concerned in their publication. Every parent is represented as flogging or spanking a child; every child is doing its utmost to annoy or injure its parents. When the pictures do not libel parents and children, they depict clubbing policemen, swindling panhandlers, cowardly bestialities, shocking accidents that make Sunday a holy terror in every household. The law prohibits prize fighting as demoralizing to the community, but the introduction of such beastly pictures into American homes—the New York supplements are re-lettered and sold by the thousand to out-of-town papers—is much more dangerous. The refusal of readers to purchase any paper that prints the miscalled comic-alities would work a reform in a few weeks, and the public arrest and trials of the editors responsible for the outrageous misuse of the press would suitably inaugurate this protest.

I wonder that any of those who look at the funny pictures in the Sunday *Globe-Democrat* or the Sunday *Star* retain their reason. Whether the art is worse than the fun or the fun is worse than the art I cannot undertake to determine, but the combination of the two is—well, it is the culminating atrocity of all the crimes that have grown out of the invention of printing.



Good Breeding.

SAM B. COOK, ex-Secretary of State, got \$5,000 to pass the Breeders' Law fostering gambling on race tracks and confirming a small clique in a monopoly of the game. Ex-Gov. Stephens said so. That \$5,000 cost Sam Cook the Governorship and his Senatorship. The Breeders' Law has bred nothing but boodlers, embezzlers, grafters, touts and suicides. Repeal the law.



'Twill Get Tom.

GAME though he be, Mr. Lawson will be gotten yet by the System he is fighting in Wall street. It gets them all. It got Jim Keene. It got Russell Sage once until he had to bring his friends to his office and show them the cash in his safe. It tamed John W. Gates. It hipped Pierpont Morgan—the decentest, most cultured and most generous of all the recent Napoleons of finance. It dumped Charlie Schwab. Oh, yes, the System will get Lawson one way or another. It will either crush him or take him in. And the burden of his roar is that while he was taken in in one sense, he was not in another. The System can't be beaten. It has the percentage

advantage. It is all against one, as soon as the one gets to thinking he is a big one. It loves a shining mark, also a mining shark.



Race Suicide.

TALKING about race suicide, what's the matter with what the gambling syndicate in its greed has done to itself in St. Louis and Missouri, and what it is going to do to itself all over the United States when Congress passes the law prohibiting the use of mails, telegraph or telephones for the transmission of information upon which bets are to be made.



A Clean Sweep of Graft.

THE *Republic* favors the abolition of the Excise Commissioner's fees. Good. Why not abolish the Coal Oil Inspectorship, as coal oil inspection is only a farce, and the Beer Inspectorship, as beer inspection is a worse farce. Both only bleed great corporations. And while we are abolishing the fee system, what's the matter with the Probate Court and the Public Administrator's office? These are all graft, and the people of the city and State have declared against graft. Let us make a clean sweep of grafting while we are about it.



Gross Absurdities.

How absurd that three men should have a monopoly of race gambling in the fourth State of the Union and that a bunch of gamblers in Chicago should tell Missourians when, where and how they can or cannot race horses!



A Very Good Riddance.

As the year draws to an end, there is some rejoicing in this metropolis over the fact that the circuit attorney's office is to be cleansed of its present occupants. I won't say that this rejoicing will be among the best people of the city, but rather among an element in politics that has suffered severely through the attention of that office. The circuit attorney's office has made it uncomfortable for many of the boys for a long time, and they will rest easier for a while at least, now that the Folk regime is over, even though they have no assurance that the new circuit attorney will not be equally energetic in exposing corruption. Still, the circuit attorney's office has not been wholly spotless. In that office is a ladylike person named Walter Scott Hancock, whose disappearance from office will be a cause for gratification to all citizens. This Hancock, elected assistant circuit attorney, has been a dangerous person at all times. When his superior, Mr. Folk, attained fame as a reformer, Hancock became jealous. He wanted to "butt in" on reform, but his abilities being meager, he could not be trusted not to make a *faux pas* on any or every important matter presented. When he did get a chance at the Grand Jury he started it off on petty and ridiculous investigations and they brought out foolish indictments. More than that, this Hancock in his jealousy and envy of Folk, undertook to interfere with Folk's work. He didn't try this openly or boldly. Not at all. He acted like a sneak. When Folk was carrying on certain investigations, secretly, Hancock, being in his confidence, went to the extreme trouble of watching his superior and finding out his movements and purposes and then took the information to those against whose interests Mr. Folk was working. Hancock posted enemies and antagonists of Folk upon every move that Folk made, so that those persons might circumvent Folk. The men whom Folk was fighting knew, largely through Hancock, what Folk was doing. They even told how Folk worked the papers in his own interest. Hancock was a traitor to Folk, his superior, and to the duties of his office. He played into the hands of politicians in order to

obstruct Folk and, presumably, to secure their favor for a renomination for himself. He was a "spotter" and a "spy" for those who wanted to defeat and destroy Folk, and all the time was posing as Folk's able and energetic and wholly sympathetic assistant. He skulked about after dark to deliver his tips obstructive of Mr. Folk, and yet pretended to oppose and hate the very people he was keeping informed on his superior's

movements. Such is Hancock's virtue. Therefore, while many politicians and so-called "boodlers" are glad that there is to be a change in the circuit attorney's office, all people opposed to malign political influences in city life should be grateful that an envious tool of those opposed to investigations of alleged corruption is to be removed from service in the administration of justice.

How We Fight the Demon Butler

By Larry B. Cawes

A GAIN war has been declared against Butler and Butlerism by an antagonistic faction in the local Democratic party. How we do fight Butler! There's nothing more amusing than fighting Butler. How do we do it? Let me tell you. Col. Butler is a bad man with about five wards in his pocket and a capacity for raising money. He is so bad that an opposition leader can't stand for him. The opposition leader—maybe there are several of him—decides that war must be made on Butler. Declaration is made to that effect. The papers hail the declarationist as a hero of political integrity. Then the man who declares war on Butler in public goes into caucus with Butler privately and they fix up things generally. Whoever makes war on Butler does so by gathering a lot of Butler lieutenants around him and giving them the disposition of about three hundred and seventy-seven good jobs in the police department, the street department, water department, etc. So much the better if people Butler doesn't like have to be ousted to make room. All the friends who have been close to the man who makes war on Butler are delighted to see all the Butler lieutenants given the spoils. It rejoices them muchly, too, to see that Butler's "pluggers" can run hand-books, crap games, policy games and what not without official interference. It is good also to see Butler men who are arrested turned loose instantly, while friends of the warrior against Butler have to stay in the hold-over all night. A highwayman with a Butler pull can get out when pinched, but a friend of the antagonist of Butler can't secure the release on bond of a "plain drunk." After all Butler's lieutenants have been taken care of and "protected," the war is really on. A city ticket is to be chosen. The first step to be taken is to find out what Butler wants in the way of representation on the ticket. It is given to him. Col. Butler has been prosecuted by a circuit attorney. The Colonel doesn't want the circuit attorney's work approved in the platform. We hate Col. Butler so bitterly that we frame a platform which carefully avoids approving anything that would hurt his feelings. We do that cheerfully, enthusiastically, for about three campaigns during which the Colonel is under indictment or on trial. Then, when Col. Butler says he doesn't want anyone to be Governor who has prosecuted him for boodling, we make war to the hilt on Butler by going out to prevent the nomination of the man who tried to convict him. We cry "Down with Butler," and all the time we soak the man that Butler doesn't like. We even run for Governor, ourselves. By this time we have greatly weakened Col. Butler, but, all the while, we continue to pick out a Butler lieutenant or the protege or the relative of some Butler lieutenant for every good job that becomes vacant. The man whom Col. Butler doesn't want for Governor is nominated. We rally to his support and shout "Down with Butler!" Then we go down to the office of Col. Butler's

broker and we find out that it's all right to support the nominee, but that the necessities of Col. Butler require that the nominee and every one on the ticket should be defeated in St. Louis. Out we tear, madly crying to the populace, "Down with Butler." A city ticket has to be chosen. At the caucus the first question is "What does Butler want?" He doesn't want anything particularly, except revenge. He would have liked to name the candidate for Sheriff and Public Administrator from among his friends and let the attorneyship fees take their usual course towards the man who is fighting Butler to the death—boom-tara-ra-boom! But then the Colonel concludes he wants to beat the whole ticket and doesn't want any of his friends on it, so we cry "Down with Butler," and put up a ticket without any of his friends on it. The ticket is an anti-Butler ticket. Three candidates for judgeships on that ticket, who are crying "Down with Butler," and may have to try him for bribery any day, march, in a solid phalanx, to the office of Col. Butler's broker and ask if the broker and Butler, whom they are "downing," won't support them. "No," they are told. They depart, still downing Butler and a little down in the mouth. "Down with Butler" is even more loudly the cry. A strong fight is put up on Butler in every ward in which a Butler man can't be found with

a microscope. In all the wards where Butler is strong, Butler has his own way. We fight him by giving him no opposition. The ticket is defeated. Then we cry out that it was defeated by Butler "treachery." Butler's men have betrayed us to defeat. Sure! We have refused to put on the ticket any man close to the gubernatorial candidate, because the gubernatorial candidate is to be defeated anyhow, and any friends of his on the ticket would only increase the size of the defeat. We have cried out "Down Butler," and then, with a clean majority of the City Central Committee in our favor, we refuse to organize it and, in order to hamper Butler and nullify his power, we leave Butler men in the chief offices and as heads of all the sub-committees. We cry out that the Butlers are going to knife the ticket and we froth at the mouth, in the press. But we leave Butler men on guard at all the critical points—to down Butler. We give the Butler chairman of the City Central Committee \$775 in cash to elect the city ticket that Butler wants defeated and—to down Butler. We give all the Butler committeemen money, from \$250 to somewhat more for use on election day, after Butler told us that he doesn't want the ticket elected. They go out on election day and they down Butler—by voting the Republican ticket, just as they told us—the treacherous wretches!—they were going to do. Then our close friends in the race track syndicate, who are with us heart and soul to down Butler, the men who have financed us into power, the men whose parasites we have protected and confirmed in gambling "cinches" and political "snaps," gather all those parasites in the city and send them out of the city into the county and over into Illinois to vote for Republicans. That's the way they assist us to down Butler. The ticket is beaten, except in spots, and we cry out again, "Treachery!" We show the people how we did everything that Butler would have us do to his advantage and against our ticket and then we cry "treachery" some more. Butler's friends are still kept in office. But we are still downing Butler. And so we shall continue until the end of the chapter, and to it we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

Mr. Tom Lawson of Boston

By Francis A. House

THE speculative world is again in the constellation of Lawson. The events of the last few days, especially the sensational break in Amalgamated Copper in the Wall Street market, have made Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, a more conspicuous figure than ever since the early part of 1899. The Boston king of manipulators of stocks has had a versatile career; he is gifted with a terrifying amount of gab; he is versed in all the tricks and traps of the Wall Street game; his conscience is stunted and stifled; his bump of braggadocio and self-conceit is enormous. He may unhesitatingly be classed among the hypocrites. Those who know him intimately, will tell you confidentially, that they would prefer five men of the type of John W. Gates to one Thomas W. Lawson.

For years, the Boston stock-jobber has been known for his brazen ways of rigging certain stocks. In a manner peculiar to himself, he always succeeded in winning the confidence and dollars of tenderfeet in speculation. His self-assertiveness, his copious advertising, his numberless pamphlets and letters sent broadcast over the country made him a power in the stock market, even before he became the active assistant of the Rockefeller clique in copper issues along

in 1899 and 1900. Before the advent of the Amalgamated Copper Company, Lawson diversified his interest. He dabbled in various active issues, American Sugar Refining certificates being one of his favorites for some time. It is to be presumed, in the light of experience of the past two years, that he was, at one time, as familiar with the tactics and *coups* of the Havemeyer crowd in Sugar as subsequently with the disreputable swindle of the Amalgamated Copper clique.

Thomas W. Lawson is a braggart and a charlatan, with "nerve" sufficient to make millions in stock-jobbing and to withstand, and even to overcome the bitterest criticism of his victims. He dearly loves to pose, to stand in the full glare of the foot-lights of the speculative stage. We all remember his bluff at racing with his yacht for the America's cup, his paying for the naming of "the Lawson pink," and now he is "butting in" on literature.

It was in 1899 that Lawson made himself so prominent through his connection with the organization of the Amalgamated Copper Company. At that time, he must have been cheek by jowl with the late Roswell P. Flower, who took an active part in the promotion of the copper boom, which started shortly before his

The Mirror

A Seasonable Moral

By W. D. Howells

sudden death in May of that year. From what has since leaked out, it may be assumed with comparative safety that Lawson was the *agent provocateur* of the Standard Oil interests in the manipulation of the copper market previous to the incorporation of the Amalgamated in April, 1899. In the latter part of 1898, he began his notable campaign in Butte and Boston Mining stock, the value of which he managed to manipulate and jackscrew in a daringly clever fashion. In the financial papers of that time could be found yard-long advertisements containing the opinions of Lawson upon Lawson, his pseudo-brilliant conceptions of things speculative, his optimistic predictions regarding the future copper market, his gratuitous advice to might-be customers. That the Boston stock-jobber was a potent factor in the bringing about of the subsequent headlong rush to purchase copper shares cannot be doubted. The name of Lawson was on the lips of everybody not qualified to read between the lines of his speciously-worded advertisements and pamphlets.

In June, 1901, Lawson facilitated the acquisition of the Boston and Montana, of the Butte and Boston, the Silver Mining and of various other concerns by the Amalgamated Copper Company. It is hardly to be doubted that he "worked" both sides to the transactions. Prolonged and bitter litigation in the courts was incidental to the absorption of these properties. Afterwards, it became known that Lawson had become the bosom friend of the Rockefellers and their associates. All worked well until the disastrous collapse of 1901 resulted in a falling out among thieves, when, contrary to the old, hackneyed proverb, the honest man did not get his due, but his knock.

Since then, it has been a continuous Rockefeller-versus-Lawson performance in the copper market. Over a year ago, it was reported that the Boston millionaire trickster had been severely hit by the awful "slump" in Amalgamated, which, it was rumored at the time, was brought about chiefly through Standard Oil means and finesse. Lawson, with his customary verbosity, denied that he had reached the end of his rope. He shortly averred that he was still in the ring and eager for a fight to a finish with his powerful enemies.

For months and months he has been an untiring and sensationalizing contributor to *Everybody's Magazine*, in which he energetically protests his innocence of the rank bunco-steering schemes of the Standard Oil people, his ever-present anxiety to protect the interests of his friends and, incidentally, but naturally, his undying faith in the fine future of copper and copper stocks. He has boomed the magazine into an enormous circulation. Lawson has dropped into a new role; he has assumed a different mask. Now he is outspokenly the friend of the public; he boldly charges the Rockefellers with public plunder; he reveals secret conversations and interviews throwing revelative light upon the methods and aims of the Standard Oil interests; he drags in prominent banks and financiers, in short, he indicts all Wall Street, branding it as a den of thieves and swindlers and cut-purses, the end of whose activity will be a cataclysmic revolution.

But, alas for Lawson! While betraying his erstwhile associates, he betrays himself. There's no cardinal difference worth mentioning, between his present enemies and himself, except that the former have got the whip-hand, and he has not. Lawson is a wolf in sheep's clothes. He is for himself, first and last, and all the time. After a little while, we will see him again at work in a different direction and again in a different role. Lawson is a fakir, and the man who reposes a particle of faith in his glib words, is a fool. So much for Lawson.

THE woman sang her ballad to the sky
Of the keen Christmas night, flinging on high
The notes that fluttered to my window-pane
Like birds, and beat against the glass in vain
Until I opened, and from out the gloom
Let them flock into my snug, firelit room.

There was no more of meaning in the words
That came than in the jargon of birds,
But in the voice, and in the plaintive air
There was an intimation of despair
From killing sorrow, and the appealing cry
Of sorest need, which no man might deny
And cover from himself his own disgrace.
So, thoughtfully, as one does in such a case,
From among several coins in hand I chose
That of the smallest worth, and wrapped it close
In paper, so that it might not be lost,
Striking the frozen ground below, and tossed
My gift down from the window at the feet
Of the poor singer in the wintry street.

But she, as if she neither saw nor heard,
Rapt in her song, sang on, and never stirred,
While one, that opportunely strolled around
The corner nearest her, both heard and saw,
Stooped, and put out a predatory claw,
And clutched the paper; felt and recognized
The coin within (that somehow suddenly sized
My own soul up to me, in an odd way),
And then deliberately, but without stay

For all my frantic shouts and signs, kept on
To the next corner, turned it, and was gone.

What should I do? Let the poor singer go
Unhelped because of this misdeed? Not so!
Such a conclusion even I could not brook,
A coin of the same worth again I took,
Wrapped it again in paper, and again
Tossed it down to the singer—not in vain,
This time! She saw it coming through the air
And heard it fall upon the ground, and there,
While she still sang, curtsied her thanks to me,
Until I turned away and left her free.

And I was well content, and glad at heart
For having doubly done a noble part?
I was not sure. Had it been heaven's intent
That I should twice give the sum I had meant
To give but once? Perchance, unknown to me
Both women were in equal misery,
Though not of equal merit. Then, had I won
A twofold blessing by what I had done?

These things are mysteries, but my story's moral
Seems one with which no one can justly quarrel:
If there is suffering that you would relieve,
Give twice the sum at once you meant to give;
And do not wait for wrong to come your way
And force your unwilling hand, for though it may,
Again, it may not, and, for your own sake,
The chance is such as you ought not to take.

From Harper's Weekly Christmas Number.

On the Giving of Books

By Montrose J. Moses

MY gift to Elise is on the library table; I have slipped my greetings between the leaves, and tied the slender volumes together with holly ribbon. And now, by the crackling logs, I am sitting in the big armchair, and wondering whether my remembrance will please her. For rather would I never purchase a volume than pack one off hastily, and check it from my Christmas list with a sigh of relief. I flatter myself that I know Elise and the three books I am sending her.

We have corresponded for years, Elise and I; and though I have not seen her since she was a slip of a girl, except in pictures, we have had our chats together, and she knows the books that are around me, though she has never been in the library. Did I not think I knew Elise and her tastes—well, I would have sent her flowers, candy, anything rather than the Comedies of Shakespeare, Browning's "Men and Women," and Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon," now waiting to be mailed her. They will come from their tissue wrappings beneath her lithe handling, and she will be glad.

Books are cold but sure friends, exclaims Victor Hugo; but to me there should be no touch of frost

in friendship; especially at this season of the year when it is the joy of giving and the fulness of living that hastens the tread of many shoppers. It is the best in me that I would send to the best in Elise, for there is a mutual excellence in friendship, as there are two weights for a balance.

In and out of the bookstores I have been, and watched the merry throng; there is contagion in the genial mood, and there were many fine spirits I would like to have known. For you can tell a booklover by the way he holds a book, and if it happens to be one you have read, you may follow the keenness of his intellect, the warmth of his heart, and the responsiveness of his soul by the fleeting changes in his face. I found many unintroductory friends while I was waiting for Elise's package.

A Christmas present of books is like giving your opinion of the person to whom you send it. Yet, reader, have you bethought how much rests upon you who buy the book? For I needs must imagine your taste, your culture, your every shade of excellence through the little gift; and the book will seem to say: "The best in him believes I will bring joy to the best in you." Ah, let not my estimate of you

and yours of me be shattered! Rather slippers, handkerchiefs, gloves, anything but an ill-chosen book.

Now why did I select those three volumes for Elise? Because, being young and eager and as yet disillusioned, I want her to know that from the library nought could come to her but the healthiest humanity, the deepest sentiment, the clearest expression of a Christmas philosophy that may be used week days as well as Sundays. I am sending Shakespeare, Browning, and Stevenson, bound in ravishing covers; a gift not alone for the holiday season, but, like genial life, and peace, and good-will, for all times.

I deserve no credit for this; it is my privilege to have some sort of pleasure in the best literature which

is every one's heritage. But I feel, now that I am alone in the library, how infinite are the ways of life, yet how fundamental and universal are the true essentials. To me Elise is something more than to you, reader; yet to you she stands for the other one to whom you will give a book, maybe. Let me beseech you, from the library where heaven has granted me peace and good-will, to ponder well this giving of books. For to-morrow and next day the candy will be gone and the petals will have fallen one by one from the rose; but the book will stay so long as the spirit needs it. Elise will smile over her volumes on Christmas morning—so will she, perchance, do the same in June.

From the Literary World.

France's Masonic Morgan

Murder Mystery

By Marcia McQueen

SOME weeks ago there was a scene in the French Chamber of Deputies, not an infrequent occurrence. A certain M. Syveton, after an acrimonious debate, publicly struck Gen. Andre, Minister of War. The debate grew out of revelations that the Minister of War had been practicing in the French army a system called delation. That is to say, the Minister inaugurated a system of espionage by army officers one upon another, with a view to singling out those who were noted for their friendliness to the Catholic Church, and those who were otherwise. This was a plan in frustration of an imaginary danger that there might be an uprising in the army in support of the protest of Catholic France against the suppression of the religious orders and against the determination of the Combes ministry to abolish the Concordat with the Vatican, whereby the French Government has supported the church in consideration of a right to pass upon papal nominations to bishoprics and other high ecclesiastical positions, and to indulge in other minor approvals or disapprovals of the Pope's course in church affairs in France.

The army has been honeycombed with informers as Rome was in the latter days of the empire, as described by Tacitus. By the system which has been in force for four years the practice of "informing" has been raised to the dignity of a public institution. But the credit for its invention cannot be given to the War Office. It was merely borrowed from a more ingenious source. To the Grand Orient Lodge of Freemasons must be attributed this happy idea. Not without reason has this body been named *les Jesuites du Bloc*, and their practices are at least worthy of the reprobation that tradition has showered upon their prototypes. A body of officers in the army who were also Freemasons was formed some time ago and took the name of *la Solidarite Militaire*, and it was decided to issue a printed circular to all Freemasons in the army asking them for information about the political and religious opinions of their brother officers. In spite of strong protests by many in the lodge the circular was printed and issued. It is unnecessary to insist on the moral infamy of this proceeding, and also on its folly from a military and patriotic point of view, which probably had little weight with the half-insane partnership of its authors. Within a year the lodge had secured information on 12,000 officers in different branches of the army.

This information was all duly entered and docketed under the supreme direction of M. Vadecourt, the secretary to the lodge, who has since been decorated by a grateful government with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Strange word in this connection!

When Gen. Andre learned that the Freemasons were in possession of all this valuable knowledge he was fired to emulation and adopted the plan at the War Office. With the assistance of three officers, Col. Jacquot of the Artillery, Commandant Bernard, his own nephew, and Capt. Mollin, he started a Delation Bureau which was fed not only from the Grand Orient, but also from its own private sources of information. The dossiers of the officers in question were all duly entered in two volumes respectively known as "Corinth" and "Carthage," corresponding to the parabolic sheep and goats. *Delenda est Carthago* was Capt. Mollin's motto, and no man whose name was once found there ever saw promotion. The Freemasons were marked in red, and the suspects in blue. There is overwhelming evidence that full use was made of the dossiers. Here is one example out of scores. An officer is denounced (anonymously) as "fanatically clerical, started off on his arrival in garrison by solemnly taking the communion with his family. His wife goes to the Sisters for catechism." This unfortunate has remained without promotion for nine years. On the other hand, a certain Lieutenant *d'opinion franchement republicaine* is, shortly after his application for the post comes to hand, made an instructor at St. Cyr. Military merit or inefficiency in per-

forming military duties plays no part in the informers' communications. The sole ground for finding a place in "Corinth" or "Carthage" is political and religious opinion.

Nor is the action of the accused officer himself always taken into account. He need hardly be a "pratetizing Catholic," which means little enough, one communion and confession a year qualifying for the title. If he sends his children to a religious school he is a doomed man. Or if his wife is a Catholic devotee—which is the case with nine men out of ten in all ranks in France. An astonishing document is printed in fac simile by the *Figaro* in which all the officers with families in garrison at St. Brieuc are classified in two columns. Those whose children attend the *ecole libre* (formerly Dominicans) are put in one column and get five marks, those who send theirs to the Lycee are put in another and receive fifteen, which indications are all considered and acted upon when promotions and staff appointments come under review.

Here is another instance of these free republican practices. A letter was produced from Capt. Mollin (not denied) addressed to his *tres cher frere* Vadecourt and enclosing a list of officers shortly to be appointed to the staff and asking for information about them in order that "those who happen to be Republicans may be placed in agreeable stations and the others relegated to such pleasure resorts as Briancon and Gap," i. e., among the stormy solitudes of the Dauphine Alps. This is not the most serious, but it is the meanest outcome of the infamous system patronized and promoted by Gen. Andre.

Among the "delatores" are prefets, maires, professors, and the largest class of all, brother officers. This is the most lamentable feature of the affair, but it is the inevitable outcome. Their assistance has been invoked and the rewards have been certain. Lieutenant-Colonel Jacquot, the head of the Artillery information bureau, has been promoted out of his turn and is the youngest lieutenant-colonel in the service. Tacitus has left it on record that informers *per praeemia eliciebantur*, and opinion will blame less severely the unfortunates now exposed who were tempted by promises of reward than the chief who offered them such an opportunity of infamy.

Gen. Andre in his defence was unable to emulate Caligula, who *negavit se delatoribus aures habere*. On the contrary, he pleaded necessity, and M. Combes asserted that the Clericals had done the same without however producing a tittle of proof. He himself is now shown by the production of a document in the hand-writing of the late M. Waldeck-Rousseau to have been warned by the latter that such practices were in progress at the War Office and should be stopped. This M. Combes promised to effect, but of course never did; on the contrary, he has accepted and evidently encouraged it. The practice was undoubtedly known to some others among the Ministry, but not all. It is impossible to believe that this process of delation having been once unmasked can be permitted by a generous and high-spirited people to continue, or that the men responsible for it can be allowed much longer to govern France. Yet they are still in office, and for aught we learn to the contrary the persecution of Catholics may rage more vehemently than ever in the army after the buffets received by its authors.

When all these facts came out there was a great commotion in France. There was a loud Catholic cry against the Freemasons. The Church and the Masons are ever and everywhere at war, but nowhere more virulently than in France, where the higher circles

"APERTO VIVERE VOTO"

BY LEE WILSON DODD

GODS! give me these:
A friend to love;
A mistress to be worthy of;
Three or four books of stalwart verse,
Austere and terse;
Sufficient food to mend my body;
A pipe, a fuming glass of toddy!
Gods! give me these, and I will write
An "Ode to Duty" every night.

—From New York Life.

of Masonry are so atheistic as to have been cut off from brotherhood by the English and American lodges. The Masons denounce the Church for Jesuitism. The Church retorts that Masonry is Jesuitry of the most purulent and pestilent kind in politics. In the Chamber there was a great stir over interpellations, and there was much frantic assertion, "I accuse," and cries of spit him out or spit on him. The Dreyfus and anti-Dreyfus spirit began to flare up again in another form. The Church was anti-Dreyfus. The Masonic liberals were for him, broadly speaking, although many Masons in France hate the Jews not less than the Catholics. The espionage system, the plan of delaying promotions of Catholics, and of putting them in uncomfortable places was followed rigorously in the army and, of course, the spies operated outside the army in other departments of government. It was in one of the swirls of excitement in the Chamber that M. Syveton, a Nationalist deputy, struck Gen. Andre. He was to have been disciplined for his violation of courtesy, and for his insult to the army. On the day he was to appear in the Chamber he did not, and startlingly enough, he was found dead in his apartments. Whether he died of heart failure or apoplexy, or was asphyxiated by gas escaping through his negligence, or he committed suicide, was not known. It isn't material what the inquest found. Parisians didn't trust the inquest. The Army said he committed suicide. A few thought he met a sudden natural death. Another few thought his death an accident. But *conspuez* those foolish few. National explanations of such an event didn't satisfy the French demand for the theatrical. No. The cry went up that M. Gabriel Syveton had been murdered.

Murdered by the Masons! Done to death by order of the Grand Orient Lodge! The Catholics inclined to believe it, for to the pious French Catholic a Mason is always an atheist, a man who has sold his soul to the devil, an assassin, one who celebrates the obscene and blasphemous Black Mass. Indeed, a Mason is to a Catholic what a Catholic is to a Mason in France. The charge that M. Syveton had been murdered by the Masons was made by such men as Jules Lemaitre, Henri Galli, editor of the *Drapeau*, and Francios Coppee. Lemaitre and Coppee are literary men of distinction, and members of the French Academy. The Nationalist party, of which M. Syveton was a member, is understood to back up the charge.

The Masons deny it—with a solemn seriousness that looks laughable to us.

But we need not laugh. Feeling is intense in France over the war between the Church and State. The Army is an idol, if a badly spattered one, from the disclosures of the past few years. The Church is powerful. The Masons are fanatical and secret. The maddeners of the proletariat are busy fomenting trouble to their own ends. All the pretenders to "the French throne" have their hand in the muddle stirring it up. The situation might be described as critical, if it were not that France, or Paris, rather, has a crisis, upon an average, about every twenty-four hours. But we had an anti-Masonic movement in this country about sixty years ago. We had the know-nothing movement, too, and later the A. P. A. against Catholicism, and there were riots and bad blood. A man named Morgan, up in New York State, wrote a book against Masonry, "exposing its secrets"—silly secrets, by the way. Morgan disappeared. There was a storm of excitement. He had been "murdered by the Masons." The government should suppress the Masons, the secret assassins. Masonry was a national issue. Then, oppor-

tunately, a body was found in a lake somewhere near where Morgan vanished. It was the body of Morgan—that is, it was said to be by those who hoped it was. But it wasn't the body of Morgan—except for political purposes. Thurlow Weed said it was "a good enough Morgan until after election." And that's what it was—a political trick. When it served its day and the election was over, Morgan was forgotten.

So, it is likely that the Syveton murder is only a good enough murder until after the campaign

against the present ministry in France shall be over. What a picture it calls up of France! The Catholics persecuted the Jews. Now the Catholics are persecuted and proscribed. The spy system, forgery and perjury are parts of political tactics. The Army is corrupt. And yet one can't get over the feeling that French affairs are more like a comic opera than like anything else. The seriousness of it all is the funniest thing about it. What a pity there isn't a Beaumarchais to handle it—or an Offenbach—or a Gilbert and Sullivan.

The Ransom of Mack

By O. Henry

From McClure's December Magazine (Copyright)

ME and old Mack Lonsbury, we got out of that Little Hide-and-Seek gold mine affair with about \$40,000 apiece. I say "old" Mack; but he wasn't old. Forty-one, I should say; but he always seemed old.

"Andy," he says to me, "I'm tired of hustling. You and me have been working hard together for three years. Say we knock off for a while, and spend some of this idle money we've coaxed our way."

"The proposition hits me just right," says I. "Let's be nabobs awhile and see how it feels. What'll we do—take in the Niagara Falls, or buck at faro?"

"For a good many years," says Mack, "I've thought that if I ever had extravagant money I'd rent a two-room cabin somewhere, hire a Chinaman to cook, and sit in my stocking feet and read Buckle's History of Civilization."

"That sounds self-indulgent and gratifying without vulgar ostentation," says I; "and I don't see how money could be better invested. Give me a cuckoo clock and a Sep Winner's Self-Instructor for the banjo, and I'll join you."

A week afterward me and Mack hit this small town of Pina, about thirty miles out from Denver, and finds an elegant two-room house that just suits us. We deposited half-a-peck of money in the Pina bank and shook hands with every one of the 340 citizens in the town. We brought along the Chinaman and the cuckoo clock and Buckle and the Instructor with us from Denver; and they made the cabin seem like home at once.

Never believe it when they tell you riches don't bring happiness. If you could have seen old Mack sitting in his rocking chair with his blue yarn sock feet up in the window soaking in that Buckle stuff through his specs you'd have seen a picture of content that would have made Rockefeller jealous. And I was learning to pick out "Old Zip Coon" on the banjo, and the cuckoo was on time with his remarks, and Ah Sing was messing up the atmosphere with the handsomest smell of ham and eggs that ever laid the honeysuckle in the shade. When it got too dark to make out Buckle's nonsense and the notes in the Instructor, me and Mack would light our pipes and talk about science and pearl diving and sciatica and Egypt and spelling and fish and trade-winds and leather and gratitude and eagles, and a lot of subjects that we'd never had time to explain our sentiments about before.

One evening Mack spoke up and asked me if I was much apprised in the habits and policies of women folks.

"Why, yes," says I, in a tone of voice; "I know 'em from Alfred to Omaha. The feminine nature and

similitude," says I, "is as plain to my sight as the Rocky Mountains is to a blue-eyed burro. I'm onto all their little side-steps and punctual discrepancies."

"I tell you, Andy," says Mack, with a kind of a sigh, "I never had the least amount of intersection with their predispositions. Maybe I might have had a proneness in respect to their vicinity, but I never took the time. I made my own living since I was fourteen; and I never seemed to get my ratiocinations equipped with the sentiments usually depicted toward the sect. I sometimes wish I had," says old Mack.

"They're an adverse study," says I, "and adapted to points of view. Although they vary in rationale, I have found 'em quite often obviously differing from each other in divergences of contrast."

"It seems to me," goes on Mack, "that a man had better take 'em in and secure his inspirations of the sect when he's young and so preordained. I let my chance go by; and I guess I'm too old to go hopping into the curriculum."

"Oh, I don't know," I tells him. "Maybe you better credit yourself with a barrel of money and a lot of emancipation from a quantity of discontent. Still, I don't regret my knowledge of 'em," I says. "It takes a man who understands the symptoms and by-plays of women folks to take care of himself in this world."

We stayed on in Pina, because we liked the place. Some folks might enjoy their money with noise and rapture and locomotion; but me and Mack we had had plenty of turmoil and hotel towels. The people were friendly; Ah Sing got the swing of the grub we liked; Mack and Buckle were as thick as two body-snatchers, and I was hitting out a cordial resemblance to "Buffalo Gals, Can't You Come Out Tonight," on the banjo.

One day I got a telegram from Speight, the man that was working a mine I had an interest in out in New Mexico. I had to go out there; and I was gone a month. I was anxious to get back to Pina and enjoy life once more.

When I struck the cabin I nearly fainted. Mack was standing in the door; and if angels ever wept, I saw no reason why they should be smiling then.

That man was a spectacle. Yes; he was worse; he was a spyglass; he was the great telescope in the Lick Observatory. He had on a coat and shiny shoes and a white vest and a high silk hat; and a geranium as big as an order of spinach was spiked onto his front. And he was smirking and warping his face like an infernal storekeeper or a kid with colic.

"Hello, Andy," says Mack, out of his face. "Glad to see you back. Things have happened since you went away."

Nugent's Trefousse Gloves for Gifts

Glove Certificates

Are a very popular form of gift, as they enable the happy recipient to select at leisure just exactly what he or she wants and insure a perfect fit. We issue these certificates at our glove counter for any amount.

The perfection of kid-glove making, as conclusively shown by the fact that Trefousse Gloves captured the Grand Prize at the Fair! We have exact duplicates of the gloves in the prize-winning exhibit at prices from..... **\$1.50 up**

KID GLOVES

Special holiday assortments of women's and girls' French Kid Gloves—handsome colorings and with the popular loop top embroidered backs—two large clasps and rounded welts—a bargain at..... **\$01.0**

Fur Gloves, Wool Gloves, Mittens, etc., at lowest cash prices.

Girls' and Boys' Kid Gloves—all sizes at 75c and up.

Men's Kid Gloves—all the popular makes—75c and up.

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company, Broadway, Washington Ave. and St. Charles Street.

"I know it," says I, "and a sacrilegious sight it is. God never made you that way, Mack Lonsbury. Why do you scarify His works with this presumptuous kind of ribaldry?"

"Why, Andy," says he, "they've elected me justice of the peace since you left."

I looked at Mack close. He was restless and inspired. A justice of the peace ought to be disconsolate and assuaged.

Just then a young woman passed on the sidewalk; and I saw Mack kind of half snicker and blush, and then he raised up his hat and bowed, and she smiled and bowed, and went on by.

"No hope for you," says I, "you've got the Mary-Jane infirmity at your age. I thought it wasn't going to take on you. And patent leather shoes! All this in one little, short month!"

"I'm going to marry the young lady who just passed, to-night," says Mack, in a kind of a flutter.

"I forgot something at the postoffice," says I, and walked away quick.

I overtook that young woman a hundred yards away. I raised my hat, and told her my name. She was about nineteen; and young for her age. She blushed and then looked at me cool, like I was a scene from the "Two Orphans."

"I understand you are to be married to-night," I said.

"Correct," says she. "You got any objections?"

"Listen, sissy," I begins.

"My name is Miss Rebosa Reed," says she, in a pained way.

"I know it," says I. "Now, Rebosa, I'm old enough to have owed money to your father. And that old, specious, dressed-up, garbled, sea-sick pto-mainie prancing around avidiously like an irremediable turkey gobbler with patent leather shoes on is my best friend. Why did you go and get him invested in this marriage business?"

"Why, he was the only chance there was," answers Miss Rebosa.

"Nay," says I, giving a sickening look of admiration at her complexion and style of features; "with your beauty you might pick any kind of a man. Listen, Rebosa. Old Mack ain't the man you want. He was twenty-two when you was *nee* Reed, as the papers say. This bursting into bloom won't last with him. He's all ventilated with oldness and rectitude and decay. Old Mack's down with a case of Indian summer. He overlooked his bet when he was young; and now he's suing Nature for the interest on the

promissory note he took from Cupid instead of the cash. Rebosa, are you bent on having this marriage occur?"

"Why, sure I am," says she, oscillating the pansies on her hat, "and so is somebody else, I reckon."

"What time is it to take place?" I asks.

"At six o'clock," says she.

I made up my mind right away what to do. I'd save old Mack if I could. To have a good, seasoned, ineligible man like that turn chicken for a girl that hadn't quit eating slate pencils and buttoning in the back was more than I could look on with easiness.

"Rebosa," says I, earnest, drawing upon my display of knowledge concerning the feminine intuitions of reason—"aint there a young man in Pina—a nice young man that you think a heap of?"

"Yep," says Rebosa, nodding her pansies—"Sure there is! What do you think! Gracious!"

"Does he like you?" I ask. "How does he stand in the matter?"

"Crazy," says Rebosa. "Ma has to wet down the front steps to keep him from sitting there all the time. But I guess that'll all be over after to-night," she winds up, with a sigh.

"Rebosa," says I, "you don't really experience any of this adoration called love for old Mack, do you?"

"Lord! no," says the girl, shaking her head. "I think he's as dry as a lava bed. The idea!"

"Who is this young man that you like, Rebosa?" I inquires.

"It's Eddie Bayles," says she. "He clerks in Crosby's grocery. But he don't make but thirty-five a month. Ella Noakes was wild about him once."

"Old Mack tells me," I says, "that he's going to marry you at six o'clock this evening."

"That's the time," says she. "It's to be at our house."

"Rebosa," says I, "listen to me. If Eddie Bayles had a thousand dollars cash—a thousand dollars, mind you, would buy him a store of his own—if you and Eddie had that much to excuse matrimony on, would you consent to marry him this evening at five o'clock?"

The girl looks at me a minute; and I can see these inaudible cogitations going on inside of her, as women will.

"A thousand dollars?" says she. "Of course I would."

"Come on," says I. "We'll go and see Eddie."

We went up to Crosby's store and called Eddie

outside. He looked to be estimable and freckled; and he had chills and fever when I made my proposition.

"At five o'clock?" says he, "for a thousand dollars! Please don't wake me up. Well, you *are* the rich uncle retired from the spice business in India! I'll buy out old Crosby and run the store myself."

We went inside, and got old man Crosby apart and explained it. I wrote my check for a thousand dollars and handed it to him. If Eddie and Rebosa married each other on time he was to turn the money over to them.

And then I gave 'em my blessing, and went to wander in the wildwood for a season. I sat on a log and made cogitations on life and old age and the zodiac and the ways of women and all the disorder that goes with a lifetime. I passed myself congratulations that I had probably saved my old friend Mack from his attack of Indian summer. I knew, when he got well of it and shed his infatuation and his patent leather shoes, he would feel grateful. "To keep old Mack disinvolved," thinks I, "from relapses like this, is worth more than a thousand dollars." And most of all I was glad that I'd made a study of women, and wasn't to be deceived any by their means of conceit and evolution.

It must have been half-past five when I got back home. I stepped in; and there sat old Mack on the back of his neck in his old clothes with his blue socks in the window and the History of Civilization propped up on his knees.

"This don't look like getting ready for a wedding at six," I says, to seem innocent.

"Oh," says Mack, reaching for his tobacco, "that was postponed back to five o'clock. They sent me a note saying the hour had been changed. It's all over now. What made you stay away so long, Andy?"

"You heard about the wedding?" I asks.

"I operated it," says he. "I told you I was a justice of the peace. The preacher is off East to visit his folks, and I'm the only one in town that can perform the dispensations of marriage. I promised Eddie and Rebosa a month ago I'd marry 'em. He's a busy lad; and he'll have a grocey of his own some day."

"He will," says I.

"There was lots of women at the wedding," says Mack, smoking up. "But I didn't seem to get any ideas from 'em. I wish I was informed in the structure of their attainments like you said you was."

"That was a month ago," says I, reaching up for the banjo.



A Piece of Diamond Jewelry Will Please Her:

AS a token of appreciation, love and friendship, it is very appropriate; will be prized for its charm, its beauty, and its value; but most of all for the sentiment it expresses. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

Mermod & Jaccards have as fine Diamonds as were ever found, more of them than ever before—The best at lowest prices.

SOLITAIRE diamond rings for Christmas presents and as engagement rings—Special inducements.



This handsome ring, a clear white brilliant cut diamond, in hand-made gold mounting.

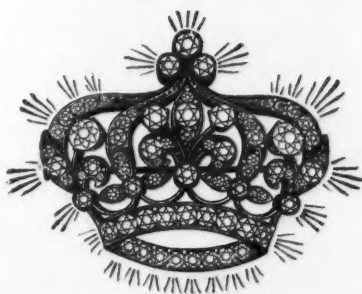
Price only \$45



A ring like this—a very fine white gem, brilliant cut diamond, in hand-made gold mounting.

Price only \$55

Others from \$6.75 up.



CROWN \$450.

A Crown of gold set with 62 very beautiful brilliant cut white diamonds—a grand piece of jewelry.

Price \$450

Other Brooches \$25 to \$10,000.

THOUSANDS of beautiful rings, set with rare gems, brilliant cut diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, etc., etc.



A ring like this is set with a clear white brilliant cut diamond, hand-made gold mounting.

Price only \$65



Elegant diamond ring like illustration, brilliant cut stone, a beautiful diamond in gold mounting.

Price only \$75

Others up to \$5000.

Our Fine Gold Watches Set With Diamonds.

A Mermod & Jaccard Watch is a very acceptable gift. We have them in cases of solid gold, cases set with diamonds and other precious stones, at prices from \$35 to \$1675.

The Watch as illustrated—Solid 14 karat gold hunting case, raised decorations of colored gold, and set with a beautiful white diamond; fitted with a Mermod & Jaccard movement.

Price only \$50



MERMOD & JACCARD'S Watches are noted all over the world. They are perfect timekeepers, they are durable, they are beautiful; they are guaranteed by us.

The Watch as shown by illustration—Solid 14 karat gold hunting case set with 3 beautiful white diamonds, and fitted with a Mermod & Jaccard movement.

Price only \$48

MERMOD & JACCARD'S,

Broadway, corner Locust St.

SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

AT THE PLAY

BY W. M. R.

"Peggy from Paris."

Ach, dot *Sophie Blatz*! As she waddles through "Peggy from Paris" at the Olympic, with her Flemish copiousness, she is like listening to Pete Busch rolling the names of German dishes off the menu at Faust's. Ach Gott! To hear her cry "Wurzburger" is as thirst-producing as to live somewhere east of Suez. Her song about "Henny"—it is of a sadness deeper than Schumann sounded. Such *weltschmerz*! And her little soliloquies are jewels. She's pretty, too, is *Sophie Blatz*, but I think she's prettier in her big coat and Bavarian hat than when she exposes her bust and shows her pink limbs in the dance. Miss Josephine Sadler is good, even for a third time, and she comes up steadily in the class led off by May Irwin and Marie Dressler.

The dislocations of Miss *Lily Ann Lynch* are as surprising as ever. Just how this young lady can writhe herself as she does I can't imagine, but her limbs are rhythmic all right and the way she flashes her skirts is bewildering if uncalled for. Miss Florence Willard would be just as effective if she would suppress about 39 per cent of her skirtishness.

Miss Alice Hageman as *Mrs. Montague Fish* is only funny because she was born that way. Most amazing thing about this thin lady is that her body isn't apparently as big around as her leg. I said she was funny—no, no. She's painful. Freaks are not funny and Miss Hageman is only appalling in her attenuation.

Peggy came from Paris, evidently, by way of an ante-natal stop-over at Jerusalem. But *Peggy* can sing, and she looks stunning in red, white and black, though when she lifts her skirts there are parenthetical disclosures that are disillusioning. Miss Estelle Ward is fully competent for the title role. Miss

Judge & Dolph's

Cold Cream

Is a very superior article, prepared especially to meet the requirements of all who, while realizing the virtues of cold cream, are deterred from using the ordinary kinds because of their greasy effect and unpleasant look and odor. J. & D. cold cream is absolutely white—perfectly white—and is immediately absorbed by the skin, leaving no grease.

Largely used by the theatrical profession. 25 cents a jar at the

Judge & Dolph
Drug Co.

515 Olive St. St. Louis.

Grace Orr Meyers is a palely plump triller and somewhat of a thriller when she swishes her skirts, but she has none of the charm of the personally appealing. She's good while she's in view, but you forget her. You don't miss her as you do *Sophie Blatz*—ach, such a bunch of what-you-call—ach, it is a Venus born auf-der foam of der sea of beer in a brewery.

Arthur Deagon is too tough as a tough *Reginald*, but he has the slang proper and he puts grace into his swag-gings. His janitor's song is a fine, full-throated, ringing performance and his dancing would win any bunch of rags at a dance at Druids' hall. If only he had done something realistic to those two Frenchmen that do the Gasphonse and Alton flitting through the show, he would be perfect. Why those Gauls? They are dismal.

John Keefe does and perhaps a little overdoes his yap part, but he understands the humor of the lines he has to speak, and that's something. Mark Sullivan is fairly good if somewhat husky and Jacques Krueger is languidly interesting.

"Peggy from Paris" wears pretty well. The show was catapulted in here to fill the break caused by Mrs. Gilbert's death and the disbanding of her "Granny" company. In the first act I thought the spectacle would have been improved if one of the young men to the left had had the stains removed from his trousers. The usual imitation of the *Florodora* Sextette remains in the work. It is so palpably an imitation that it isn't worth the elaboration bestowed upon it.

Suggestions for Christmas Gifts of Real Worth

DIAMONDS

—OF—

MANY COLORS.

Pink, Brown,
Black, Yellow,
Golden Brown,
Golden Yellow,
Reddish Brown,
Blue White,
Green Brown,
Steel Green.

A rare treat awaits all visitors to our store this week, an opportunity to see a most magnificent collection of colored diamonds; a collection that represents nearly ten years of patient effort to accomplish, during which hundreds of thousands of diamonds were critically examined and compared in order to secure only such as were absolutely perfect in color, brilliancy and cutting. We secured these magnificent diamonds from M. Eknayan & Co., who received the highest awards at the World's Fair. Do not fail to see these exquisite gems.

WATCHES

None but thoroughly dependable movements here—all fully guaranteed.



LADIES' WATCH
SOLID GOLD \$20.00

Solid gold (14-k.)—choice of six beautifully engraved designs, as illustrated fine jeweled movements and guaranteed perfect time-keepers; very special values at \$20.00.

We are sole agents of Vacheron and Constantine (Geneva), makers of the finest Watches in the world.

JEWELRY

Practically unlimited choice of appropriate and beautiful gifts for ladies or gentlemen—all of the quality to insure appreciation, and at lowest prices consistent therewith.

CORALS—

Bead Necklaces, Collarettes and Lorgnette Chains, perfect in color and evenly matched, \$1.00 to \$125

CHAINS—

Solid gold, plain and jeweled, long chain necklaces and lorgnette chains... \$5.00 to \$150.00
Solid Gold Vest Chains, new handsome designs, \$7.50 to \$50.00

CUFF BUTTONS—

Solid gold from \$3.00 up; set with diamonds and other precious stones... \$5.00 up

BEAD NECKLACES—

Solid gold bead necklaces and collarettes, many new and pretty designs... \$7.50 to \$75.00

CHARMS AND LOCKETS—

Solid gold, great variety of artistic and unique designs, plain and jeweled, \$1.25 to \$100.00

F. W. DROSTEN, DIAMOND and Gem MERCHANT

Seventh and Pine

QUALITY CONSIDERED.
PRICES THE LOWEST.

Pine and Seventh

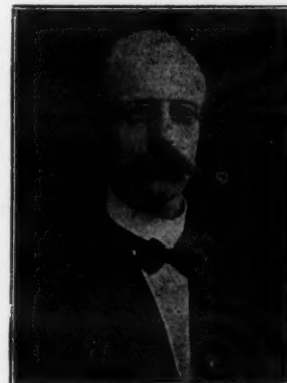
CONRATH'S Conservatory of Music

LOUIS CONRATH, Director.

3400-3402 Lindell Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

Complete and Select Faculty
in all Branches.

DIPLOMAS AWARDED Write for Catalog.



George Ade's "book" continues to hold its freshness—but ach, dot *Sophie Blatz*. She is all the deliciousness of the *kalter aufschnitt*, she is *sauer-krant und nudels*, she is *schmier-kaese mit schnittlauch*, and *pumpernickel* and *senfgurcken*, and all to the tunes of "Hileehilo" and "Lieber Augustine." If I were Adolphus Busch or Louis Lemp or Tony Stuver I'd have her picture on my beer labels. I sure would.

Ranson's Folly.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis wrote the play that is on the boards at the Century this week. He doesn't deny it. He admits it. Brave man! No wonder he is such a war correspondent.

If Dickie didn't claim the play I'd think that probably Capt. Charles King did it, or possibly Lincoln J. Carter. But the fact is that neither of those great litterateurs could have done it, for the play has a certain spick-and-span, natty, well groomed air about it that is attract-

ive. Dickie Davis can't get away from his *Van Bibber*. He's always van bibbering.

True, nothing particular happens in the play. The heart interest is tense enough in a suggestion of a situation here and there, but the sentiment is kept in check by the comedy at all times. The hero is in a pretty bad mess for awhile, but he doesn't seem to realize it. An army officer in such a plight as *Ranson* would take it much more seriously than Mr. Robert Edeson does. And yet one feels rather gratified that the tension is not forced as it might be. The airy fairy unconcernedness of the hero, who is suspected of holding up a stage and robbing a paymaster, is just the proper note. Force it the least shade more and we should have melodrama—and that wouldn't be Dickie Davis. Indeed, the villainous role is too well done by Edmund Breese. The heavy strain is out of place; the tragic verges close on the burlesque, and the pathetic becomes the bathetic. Mr. Breese, as

Glove Certificates.

Issued by us for any number of pairs of Gloves. The ideal gift. Redeemable at any time in any kind of Gloves. Ask about them at our glove department. (First Floor—Olive Street.)

St. Louis, Mo.
Barr's

The Greatest Toy Store

In the West is at Barr's: A veritable fairyland of beautiful and entertaining toys of every description. Don't buy until you see this magnificent stock. (Basement.)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING CENTER FOR ALL ST. LOUIS.

Handkerchiefs for Christmas.

Our enlarged handkerchief section contains a greater variety of stock and better values than ever before. Our already high reputation for selling the best in handkerchiefs is not only being maintained, but is being greatly increased by the excellence of the present lines.

Real lace, French embroidered, hemstitched and scalloped Handkerchiefs, the grandest collection Barr's have ever assembled; at all prices from \$3 to \$45

Beautiful hand-embroidered, scalloped and hemstitched Handkerchiefs, all linen, beautiful lace effects, that are exclusive with us, at from 50c to \$2.50

A grand special showing of Handkerchiefs, worth fully twice what we are asking for them.

Embroidered, scalloped, beautiful lace edges, with linen centers, all the new Teneriffe effects, burnt-out edges and some hand-embroidered. These are all on a separate counter, so that you may choose easily; each 25c

Lace-edged and embroidered Handkerchiefs, in hundreds of different effects. You can choose here with the greatest satisfaction, each, 10c and 15c

Ladies' Initial Handkerchiefs, all linen, hand-worked letters, on sheer or medium cloth, all size hems, each, 10c, 15c and 25c

(First Floor—Sixth and Olive Streets.)

SPECIAL—Six beautiful embroidered, hemstitched, all-linen Handkerchiefs, on a sheer or medium cloth, put up in a handsome box; price per box \$1.50

Men's and Women's Handkerchiefs, six in a box, 25 different styles to choose from, at, per box, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$3

Children's Handkerchiefs, put up six in a fancy box, special, per box, 25c

Men's initial, hemstitched Handkerchiefs, all linen, hand embroidered, fifteen different styles at, each, 15c, 25c and 50c

Special showing Men's French Handkerchiefs, in all the dainty colorings; come and see these novelties at 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50

MUFFLERS—We carry all the new shapes, including the popular Reefer, so much in use; all the new colors; prices range from 50c each up to 75c, \$1 and as high as \$5

A beautiful Handkerchief Box free with each \$1 purchase in Handkerchiefs.

Vases and Bric-a-brac.

If you are in doubt about what to give for Christmas, visit our basement. There you will see displayed the grandest collection of rich vases and bric-a-brac ever brought to this city. There are many masterpieces of the potter and china painter's art. Many duplicates of the handsomest pieces shown at the World's Fair are here, as well as other exclusive designs.

Hundreds of different styles and designs in Royal Bonn, Vienna, Dresden, hand-painted Limoges, and Amphora wares, also in French and Berlin Bronzes and Italian Marbles. Prices in every case are much less than asked at exclusive art stores.

Beautiful Teplitz Amphora Ware, the decoration being fruits in natural colors in heavy bas relief. The latest decoration we have is in pomegranites. Prices range from \$3.98 to \$25.

French and Berlin Bronzes in new and artistic designs at from \$25 to \$90. Limoges, Royal Bonn, Royal Vienna, Teplitz and Royal Sevres Wares in various designs and a large number of decorations at prices ranging from \$10 to \$150.

Those desiring the best and highest grade Christmas presents are invited to visit this department, as well as our cut glass section immediately adjoining it.

(Basement.)

Jeff Cahill, should let a little cheerfulness into his darksomeness.

Robert Edeson is good to look at, but he knows it, the fellow knows it. He is not offensive about it. He probably admits, in private conversation, that there are other handsome men, but not for publication, and to quote *Silas Wegg*, "not in the presence of ladies." Mr. Edeson represented the Harding Davis hero almost as well as anyone could, but I wish Mr. Edeson were not so sure that his eyes are irresistible. He uses them too much. Still, he has a grace about him, and he has the touch-and-go intelligence that interprets the smartness of the lines. The talk in the play is good. It has that semi-refined, semi-slang quality that marks the young man in the swim. Mr. Edeson is at his best when he is genteelly joshing along. In a sentimental mood he interferes, as we say sometimes of thoroughbred horses, but he has a good conception of what is manly without going to the last extreme of that pose which makes the matinee idol. A more actresslike actor would make the *Ranson* role ridiculous. Mr. Edeson knows that what he is about is only a play turning on a play, and so he is very happy in his avoidance of too much seriousness. I can't say that he makes us tremble for a moment over the possible consequence of his wager with his brother officers, but at least I cannot honestly blame the little girl for taking it quite so hard over such a smart, sure, smooth, handsome fellow. The play itself is a neat sort of thing, but it is only saved from absurdity by the author's skill in keeping away from

heavy shadings and high colors in his picture. Mr. Davis must have written the play in his evening clothes, not in his khaki. And Mr. Edeson appreciates the requirement of not letting himself go, under the temptations of the part, into intensity.

A rarely fine piece of acting is that of Miss Percita West as *Mary Cahill*. She might have been a whimpering creature, or she might have attempted the ingenue. She does neither. Her "humble sweetheart" role is conceived and carried out with a gracious simplicity. She is not too innocent. She is not at all forward. She is not tearful. Her acting is so good that it is natural without "naturalism." Her quality sufficiently explains why the reckless Senator's son loves her. I don't believe that I have ever seen a more genuine girl part portrayed on the stage. There's nothing strong about it, nothing champagne, nothing of weak tea, either. There are places where sentiment might lure her to lachrymosity and places where coquetry might easily lapse into unrefined sophistication, but she passes safely by them all and is just a nice, true, tender, sweet little girl with only the strength of goodness.

Faith, and Lawrence Sheehan is a good Irish *Sergeant Clancy*. I won't give him a word of praise for his acting. Look at his name. Sure, man alive, he couldn't help doing the part to the life. A man named Larry Sheehan who couldn't enact the role of a man named *Clancy* ought to be given three meals of orange peel on St. Patrick's Day.

There are other good actors in the company, as Frazer Coulter, Harrison Ford, Charles Sturgis. Richard Sterling came out strong in a boyish role, with just the right blurtfulness and blunderation. The ladies of the company were unhappily cast, and Jane Rivers' *Moya Kelly* was a bad piece of dialect and an even worse case of make-up—the latter a sin and a shame against a pretty woman.

"Ranson's Folly" is only for a little while. It's an angel-cake sort of concoction that soon palls. There's no substance upon which mind or heart can lay hold. There's no anatomy under the paint in the picture. Mr. Davis has been more superficial than usual. He has not drawn character at all. If there be any vraisemblance in the play, it comes out of the actors, not out of the lines. The play will be popular all week, but I hope that Mr. Lawrence Sheehan, who plays *Sergeant Clancy*, will not go downstairs to Jim McTague's restaurant. I shudder to think what effect on the nerves will eventuate when a man named Sheehan who plays a part named *Clancy* beholds that "coon" at McTague's door dressed up in that long bright green coat and cap. I am afraid Mr. Sheehan may be upset—or he may upset the green-clad "dingy."



The Odeon "Stock."

BY PIERRE MARTEAU.

Have the "palmy" days of the "Stock" company returned? There are indications of it at the Odeon these December afternoons and nights, where,

despite the predictions of the wise-ones, the Crawford-Bellows-Gregory company of players is working up a fine following. The legendary palmy days of thirty years ago, are to be sure, gone, never to return, but there seems now probable a repetition of the well remembered days not so long ago, when two stock companies played in the city to enormous audiences at nearly every performance, and Minnie Seligman, Grace Henderson, Louise Closser, Grayce Scott, Marion Elmore, Hobart Bosworth, Lawrence Hanley, Frank Losee, Malcolm Williams, Edmund Lyons, Gus Weinburg and other interesting people all had their especial following—largely feminine—and the same people saw every change of bill at the two theaters.

Since those piping times, several at-



"The Hotel Success of St. Louis."

The Hamilton

(Cor. Hamilton and Maple Aves.)

Located in the choicest section of the city. Nothing like it west of New York. Rooms single or en suite, with Bath. Balls, parties and receptions a specialty. Bowling, billiards, Turkish baths, etc. A delightful home for winter. For rates, etc., write W. F. Williamson, Mgr.

tempts to maintain a permanent stock company have been made, but the scheme was invariably abandoned after a few turbulent weeks of varying degrees of adversity. The capricious public would have none of the "Stock"—the "combination houses" were the places for their half dollars, and at last even the Imperial Theater, where "Larry" Giffen was operating a good stock company, was compelled to play "combinations."

Now, however, after a surfeit of bad specimens of this style of entertainment, there seems to be a revulsion of feeling, and the stock company at the handsome Grand avenue playhouse bids fair to make a substantial, and lasting success. Probably Mr. Walter Clarke Bellows' shrewdness in selecting his players is largely responsible for this. The company "made good" at once, and the large invited audience present on the opening night—contrary to the ways of deadheads—had none but good words for the performance of "In the Palace of the King."

Mr. Bellows, in his choice of a leading man, evidently considered the tastes of the gum-chewing, bargain-matinee girl, as well as her saner sisters. In the opening play this gentleman exhibited a physical equipment in the way of legs, hair and eyes, in itself compelling, to which he added, strange as it may seem, the ability to act. This last named quality would seem more incongruous if it were not for the gentleman's name, which is MacLarnie—plain Thomas MacLarnie—and in its simplicity and straightforwardness implies that its owner is a man of sense, and consequently an artist as well as a "leading man."

The envied recipient of the Apollonian MacLarnie's impassioned avowals and embraces on six nights and three afternoons of each week, is Miss Laura Burt. Here again Mr. Bellows has chosen wisely. The "leading lady" at the Odeon has played many parts since her "hit" in the perennial "Old Kentucky," but she has not forgotten her Madge Brierly tricks, and, as demonstrated by her performance of Dolores,

in "In the Palace of the King," and Hope, in "Soldiers of Fortune," has acquired even greater facility in her work. A clever, experienced, resourceful actress is Miss Burt, probable equal to anything from Topsy to Lady Macbeth.

The "heavy" man is Mr. Hardie Kirkland, and he lives up to his line of work by the sweat of his brow. A fine and unctuous villain this, and deep-dyed, so there is no danger that his villainy will pale or fade by constant exposure.

The slender, lissom young creature playing the "female heavies," possesses power and intensity strangely at variance with her fragile physique. She is Miss Evelyn Vaughn, a player new to St. Louis audiences, but whose superior methods and agreeable personality will soon make her a favorite here. As the *Princess* and *Madame Alvarez* power, repose, and a refreshing absence of rant characterized her work.

The mere presence in this company of Mr. W. P. Carleton, the golden-voiced baritone of "Belle of New York" and "Florodora" fame is a surprise, but a far greater surprise is the ease and dexterity with which this superb singer has leaped the wide gulf that separates "musical comedy" from the "legitimate" drama. In "The Belle" and "Florodora," while the beauty of his voice and his art in the use of it, were unquestioned, nobody gave him credit for histrionic ability, and therefore his impressive performance of a character part in the opening play was almost startling in effect. Mr. Carleton, gray-wigged and uniformed, addressed himself to the trying role of *Captain de Mendoza* with much earnestness, and sustained the character consistently from beginning to end. His reading of the lines was excellent, and his rich, ringing voice emphasized their import. In the current bill Mr. Carleton acquits himself honorably in a role altogether antithetical to that assigned him in the preceding play. Evidently a serious, thinking thespian this, with ambitions, and the wit to realize them.

Another valuable member of this company is Mr. Frederick Sullivan, whose superbly played *Adonis* in "In the Palace of the King" gives promise of much good character work. Then there is Mr. George D. Parker, a young actor of strength and grace; Mr. Robert Rogers and other competent men.

Miss Louise Mackintosh, character woman of proved merit, and Miss Marion Pollock Johnson, ingenue, are entrusted with important parts. A host of capable people are in the company for minor roles, among them that whilom darling of the Imperial "gods," Miss Victory Bateman. The erstwhile "leading lady" had but ten lines in the opening piece, but the ringletted head bowed in a profound obeisance to a cordial audience, and the bodeful tones of her sepulchral voice, gave the obscure *Duchess of Alva* a prominence which neither playwright nor stage director intended her to have.

The hand and head that guides this worthy band of players in the weekly change of bill are those of Mr. Law-

The J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Diamond and Gem Merchants, Gold and Silversmiths, Stationers and Dealers in

Artistic Merchandise.

... FOR ...

Brides and Bridesmaids

We call special attention to our large stock of rich gem jewelry in original designs for the fall and winter seasons.

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

Locust and Seventh Sts.

It's worth while looking at our

Holiday Line

UMBRELLAS

AND

CANES



A Useful Gift and a good place to buy it

519

LOCUST

Namendorfs
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

ELEGANT ELECTRIC AND MASSAGE PARLORS

FOR TREATMENT OF DISEASES BY
ELECTRICITY AND MASSAGE

MANICURING, HAIR DRESSING AND CHIROPODY

Private Sanitarium, 512 Washington Ave.,

Woman's Department, under Supervision of
Dr. M. M. Harris.

St. Louis, Mo.

Men's Department, under Supervision of
Carl Frisk, late of Hot Springs, Ark.



LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST
RESTAURANT

IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining
Rooms and Several Smaller
Rooms for Private Dinner
Parties.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive St.

Music by Vogel's Orchestra Every Evening

Schoen's Orchestra

Office—Odeon, Room T. House Phone—K Delmar 861.

HERBERT C. CHIVERS
ARCHITECT
HIGH-CLASS WORK
319, 320, 321 WAINWRIGHT BUILDING
KINLOCK 4-294 BELL MAIN 1634 M

After the theater, before the matinee,
or when down town shopping
Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to
ladies for the quiet elegance of its ap-
pointments, its superior cuisine and ser-
vice and refined patronage.

MISS BANKHEAD,

34 W. 17th Street, New York City.

Large, cool rooms, with private baths; convenient
for shopping; excellent home table. Refined parties
desired. References exchanged.

St. Louis' Leading Confectionery Store.

When you were engaged
THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF

Kuyler's

ALMOST DAILY—
HOW OFTEN DOES
YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE
A BOX OF THESE
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?

REPEAT AND MAIL YOUR
ORDERS, AT SHORT INTERVALS, TO
Kuyler's 716 OLIVER STREET
ST. LOUIS

EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS.

rence Marston, whose executive ability is amply demonstrated by the presentation of the two plays so far given. Details are observed; the supernumeraries are well drilled, and, in passing be it said, these unfortunates have less of the dejected hang-dog air peculiar to the genus "supe," than is usually the case in stock companies.

The Odeon Stock Company has set a swift pace for itself, and if it succeeds in holding it, there can hardly be a question of the success so richly deserved.

Hall Caine's wicked "Christian," beloved of the matinee girls, comes next, and then "The Suburban," a first-class sporting drama as a holiday offering.

Coming Attractions.

Wilson Barrett's famous play, "The here regularly since its first season, opened at the Grand Sunday afternoon to a full house. This play seems to garner interest as the years roll by. There is not a deficiency noticeable in the piece as produced by the present company, and the theater-goers, especially that large class which possess deep religious conviction, take the same keen interest in the unfolding of the sad story of the struggles of the Christians in time of Nero and Pagan Rome. There are changes in the old cast of course, but making due allowances for these, everything about "The Sign of the Cross" production is as it used to be. George Flood, an actor of talent, is a stirring *Marcus Superbus*, Wade Morton is a clever *Nero*, and Mildred Gilbert as *Dacia*, Bessie Toner as *Aucaria*, and Adel Klaer as *Marcia*, fulfill expectations. "The Sign of the Cross" remains until Saturday night, and will be followed by "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp," with Charley Grapewin in the leading role. The coming attraction promises to give the Grand patrons a real lively week. It is a good vehicle in the hands of a good company.

"At the Old Cross Roads," that well-

known drama of Southern life, which has been on the road several seasons, opened a week's engagement at the Imperial Sunday afternoon. An audience which would have done justice to a new dramatic hit was on hand. In fact, thus far this week the attendance at the Imperial has averaged well up to the Sunday crowds. The public's familiarity with the piece only added to its popularity. And the manner in which the story was unfolded left nothing to be desired. It is a first-class company, and there is much clever work demanded by the piece in the presentation of the varied character types. The negro auntie, who is impersonated by a male member of the company, affords considerable diversion. The hero and villain in the piece are well done. Among the leading actors and actresses in the show are May Nannery, William Brummell, A. J. Edwards, Philip Connor, James B. G. Craig.

Next week the attraction will be "Driven From Home," a dramatic production which has never failed to draw goodly houses and to touch the tender spots in the hearts of Imperial patrons. It has been presented many times in St. Louis, but the company that will be seen in it next week quite surpasses all predecessors.

By far the most pretentious attraction of the season at the Standard is that of the present week—The Morning Glories Company. A three-act musical extravaganza with a bunch of funny lines, good music and songs is presented, and every member of the company which is the largest on the circuit, takes part in the production. Prominent in the comic parts is Clarence Wilbur, an actor who possesses originality as well as a deep sense of the ludicrous. Next to Harry Morris, Wilbur ranks as a fun-producer in burlesque. Others in the company who divide the applause are James Marcus, Louis Hartman, Nat Bernard, Frank Scott, Harry Wilson, Etta Cooper, Elsie Harvey and William Hathaway, all of whom have earned reputations as thespians. The Morning Glories are drawing large audiences at each performance. Next week's bill will be the "Tiger Lilies," a company of clever entertainers, presenting burlesque and specialties.

It is now said that the New Garrick—annent the opening of which there have been several misleading statements—will be thrown open to the public December 26, with Miss Ada Rehan as the attraction, in "The Taming of the Shrew," "The School for Scandal," and "A Country Girl."

Next week at the Olympic will be seen the comic opera or musical farce, "Sergt. Kitty." Such well-known stage folks as Edith Blair, Virginia Palmer, Helen Byron, Charles Wynne and Sylvain Langlois are with the company.

Next Sunday afternoon "The Maid and the Mummy," a piece in the nature of a musical potpourri embodying a little of the comic opera and the musical comedy, will begin a week's engagement at the Century. There is a sem-

Artistic

Diamond Jewelry and Silverware

A. KURTZEBORN & SONS,
310 North Sixth.

JOHN D. MORRIS & COMPANY

ANNOUNCE THE COMPLETION OF

IRISH LITERATURE

IN TEN BEAUTIFUL VOLUMES.

Edited by Justin McCarthy, as Editor-in-Chief, and Douglas Hyde, LL.D., Maurice F. Egan, LL.D., James Jeffrey Roche, LL.D., Lady Gregory, Charles Welsh, W. B. Yeats, Dr. George Sigerson and Stephen Gwynn, as Associate Editors and Special contributors.

CONTAINS

the best of nearly two thousand years of Irish Literature, Gaelic and English; complete stories, poems, anecdotes, memoirs, character sketches, reminiscences, dramatic scenes, orations, historic descriptions, essays, science and travel, ballads, folklore, fables, legends, and vast, unsuspected manuscript treasure hidden away in old universities, museums, libraries, castles, churches and private collections, presenting such an assemblage of interesting reading as has never before been published. Nearly 5,000 pages—130 photogravure and half-tone portraits—The work of more than 350 noted authors—A brief biography of each author—Many scenic and other illustrations in color—Reproductions of illuminated manuscripts, ancient prints, etc.

A MARVELOUS WORLD OF NEW LITERARY TREASURE

Few persons have realized what a wealth of rare song and beautiful story, what a spirit of heroism and chivalry was hid away in the literature of the Emerald Isle. The editors of this work have revealed to the world the history, poetry and romance of a heroic age and the richest qualities of the Celtic genius, which has been a chief component part of English literature. Here at last a supremely gifted race comes to its rightful heritage and receives its own long-denied legacy of fame. This matchless set of books is the first and only complete survey of Irish life and letters, and is the outcome of a desire to present

THE NATIONALITY OF IRISH GENIUS AND THE INTELLECTUAL GLORY OF THE EMERALD ISLE

which extends from the Old Bardic Literature down to the latest piquant drolleries of Seumas McManus and the best writers of the Modern School. It sparkles with Sheridan's wit; shines with the genial philosophy of Goldsmith; flashes out the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell, and echoes with the lyrical music of Thomas Moore, Steele's classic diction, the impassioned rhetoric of Grattan, and Lover's rollicking fun contrast with the weightier learning of O'Curry, and the iron logic of Molineaux.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS TERMS TO MIRROR READERS

In order to introduce Irish Literature at once, we have decided to make a special discount to Christmas subscribers. Kindly fill out the attached coupon, mail it to us immediately, and we will forward to you full particulars of prices and special terms of the Library in various styles of bindings, together with

A VERY BEAUTIFUL FREE SPECIMEN PORTFOLIO

containing biographies, special articles, some of the finest prose and poetical creations of Irish authors, orators, statesmen, essayists, and humorous writers, with a large number of beautiful colored illustrations, portraits and beautiful Irish scenes.

JOHN D. MORRIS & COMPANY,

1201 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CUT OFF AND MAIL TO-DAY

John D. Morris & Company, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—

Kindly send me postpaid, Portfolio of sample pages of Irish Literature, with full particulars of bindings, introductory prices, and special terms.

Name

Street

City State M. I. S.

Christmas Gifts

We are showing an endless variety of goods suitable for Christmas Presents. All the newest ideas in

LEATHER GOODS,
STERLING AND QUADRUPLE PLATED
SILVER, CUT GLASS,
BRONZE, IVORY, MARBLE, PICTURES,
AND JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS.

It would be well to make your selections at an early date, as our stock is now complete in every detail, and no doubt will be much broken later on.

The PALACE

512 Locust St.
THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY
HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

PHONE MAIN 676 A.
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

blance of plot in the piece, a number of funny situations, with songs interspersed. In the company are 106 persons, among them Richard F. Carroll, Edward Garvie, Louis Wesley, George Beane, Edward Groh, Mrs. Annie Yeamans, May Boley, Adele Rowland, Janet Priest, Madge Vincent, Jess Caine and Earl Dervy. One of the features is a large chorus.



The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Odd designs in Russian Brasses, Copers.



THE HORSE SHOW

Preparations for the big horse show, to be held in the Coliseum, on Saturday, December 17, are proceeding with the celerity and vigor to be expected from the gentlemen who have the matter in charge. This year the proceeds are to be devoted to charity, and the indications point to a big attendance of society folk as well as the general public. Many of the leading society women of St. Louis have signified their willingness to stand sponsors for the event by consenting to act as patronesses, and the list of box-holders will only differ from that of former seasons by being larger as well as containing the names of many accessions to local social circles from among those who are making the city their permanent home after the World's Fair.

The function differs from previous ones also by uniting the well-known horse show features with those of the gymkana. This is a new term, but recently incorporated into the English language. It is of Anglo-Indian origin, and means all the sports and games which Indian and other aboriginal tribes play on horseback, and also designates the place where such games are played. The Coliseum is now undergoing the necessary changes to prepare it for the events. Provision has been made to thoroughly overhaul the big arena and remodel it. Arrangements for making it comfortable in the event of a sudden change of weather have also been undertaken, but inasmuch as the largest possible returns for the charitable objects are in view, the executive committee will not entertain plans for any elaborate interior decoration of the place. The Coliseum's seating capacity is so large and the arrangement of the boxes so admirable that the prices of admission will be regulated in accordance with these facts. The executive committee consists of Messrs. George H. Walker, chairman, and A. A. Busch, D. R. Francis, Jr., Edw. L. Preetorius, Harry B. Hawes, O. L. Mersman, Lieut. Willis, U. S. A., J. W. Wear, George S. Johns, E. G. Cowdery and W. G. Masserene. The advisory committee was augmented by the addition of the names of Mr. G. Lacy Crawford and James Bright. All of these gentlemen are directly interested in the Provident Association, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Jewish Relief Association and the Festival for the Poor, and it is expected that other organizations of a charitable character will co-operate with the committees named in making the affair a great popular success.

THE GENUINE
"4711" SOAP
11c

Judge & Dolph Drug Co.
515 OLIVE ST.

PEAR'S
SOAP
8c

CIGARS.

At their true values. We eliminate the jobber and the middle man. No "gifts," "advertising," etc., can be sold to us as cigars. We can demand and do receive direct from the manufacturer the lowest possible price. Our small profit is all you are asked to pay, beyond the actual cost of the cigar.

LaBelle Creole Club	
HOUSE (BANDED)	5c
La Preferencia	Box 25, \$1.65
Mercantile	Box 50, 3.75
Perfection	Box 25, 1.50
Continental	Box 25, 3.00
Belmont	Box 50, 3.00
Glendora	Box 50, 3.50
Chancellor	Box 25, 1.75
La Perla del Est.	Box 50, 2.75
Barrister	Box 25, 1.50
General Arthur	Box 25, 1.50
Tom Moore	Box 50, 3.00
Security	Box 50, 3.00
Henry George	Box 50, 1.60

Santol Tooth Powder, regular	25c
Santol Tooth Paste, regular	25c
Santol Liq. Antiseptic, regular	25c

TOILET SETS

Brush and Comb Set, leatherette, hinged cover boxes, white satin lined top and bottom; hair brush, 11-row, solid back, real ebony comb, 8-in., ebony finish; copper ornament with silver center; regular \$5 value,	\$3.98
Brush and Comb Set, box same as above; hair brush, 9-row, solid back, cocobolo; comb, 8-in. imitation shell, oxidized silver ornaments; regular \$5 value	\$3.49
Brush and Comb Set, case same finish as above, with round top, bound with ash bands, encircled with filigree ornaments and centerpiece in polished brass. Brush 13-row, solid back, real ebony. Comb 8-in. ebony finish, oxidized silver or copper ornaments; regular \$8	\$6.00
Brush, Comb and Mirror Set, leatherette box, white satin lined. Hair brush and mirror ebony or cocobolo; oxidized silver or copper ornaments; regular \$8	\$5.98

J. & D.

COLD CREAM

A Pure Snow White preparation used and indorsed by Clara Morris.
20c, 35c and 50c JARS.

Toasts and Cocktails

Is the title of a very handsome little Booklet, containing 50 up-to-date toasts and 40 famous mixing recipes. At the department counter, or by mail—FREE

FINE PERFUMES.

As an illustration of the quality of our goods, we quote a list of perfumes. These quoted are especially designed for gifts. The special points which contribute to make them commemorative of the Holiday Season are not, however, charged to you at the price of the less pretentious package. They are retailed—

Houbigant's Coeur de Jeanette;	reg. price, \$2.00 oz.
Our price, \$1.50.	
Houbigant's Ideal; reg. price,	\$2.00 oz.
Our price, \$1.65.	
Houbigant's Mes Delices; reg.	price, \$2.00 oz.
Our price, \$1.75.	
Houbigant's Venitia; reg. price,	\$1.75 oz.
Our price, \$1.50.	
Violet Bouquet Farnese; reg.	price, \$1.75 oz.
Our price, \$1.50.	
Violet Mell Melo; reg. price,	\$1.00 oz.
Our price, 75c.	
Pinaud's Bouquet de la Foscina;	reg. price, \$1.75 oz.
Our price, \$1.50.	
Pinaud's Theodora; reg. price,	\$1.25 oz.
Our price, 85c.	
Pinaud's Brise Embaume Violet;	reg. price, \$2.50 oz.
Our price, \$2.00.	
Pinaud's Hortensia Bleu; reg.	price \$2.50 oz.
Our price, \$2.00.	

Black Swan Cocktails

These cocktails, in full quarts, compounded from the famous John Bloeser formula, enable you to enjoy at home a most delicious drink. Always rich and mellow and unapproachable by any "hit-and-miss" compounding—and they are always ready. Flavors—

"Manhattan,"
"Mayflower,"
"Martini,"
"English Gin."

WHISKIES

OLD CROW—Bottled in bond.	88c
OLD PEPPER—Bottled in bond	83c
Jess Kramer	67c
Red Flower Rye	\$1.00
Primary Bourbon	\$1.00
Guckenheimer Rye	\$1.00
Gold Seal Champagne—Pints.	65c

Bicycle Playing Cards; 18c pkg.; two for 35c

Cruiser Playing Cards; regular 25c pkg 8c

LEATHER GOODS FOR GIFTS

Automobile Bags, genuine walrus leather, silk-lined, fitted with coin purse, cardcase and pungent, in the new red, blue, green or black, with gilt or gun-metal chain \$12.00
Other styles, \$2.50 to \$25.00.

Carriage Bags—The very latest, right from New York; the handsomest line in the city; in new red, green and blue, braided leather handles, fitted with coin purse, in gold or oxidized silver trimmings; \$15 to \$20.00

Wrist Bags—All colors and leathers, gold, silver or gun-metal frames; \$1.50 to \$20.00

Ladies' Pocketbooks—Made of walrus, alligator, lizard, snake, black seal, etc.; all the latest patterns; 50c, 75c, \$1.00 to \$15.00

Netsukas—The very latest patterns and designs; \$3.50 and up to \$25.00

Our line of

KODAKS

Will Simplify Your

"CHRISTMAS GIFT" TROUBLES
We will develop film or plates—25c doz.—and make your pictures for 4c each.

THE JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO., 515 OLIVE

New entries announced are D. R. Calhoun, A. A. Busch and William J. King in the four-in-hand class; William J. Lemp, Jr., Claude Kilpatrick and Herman C. G. Luyties in the tandem class. In pairs to show, Laurence J. Mauran has a new entry. The youngest element of riders has a large part of the programme, including rough riding and polo play. Among the crack polo players to be seen are: S. G. Davis, George H. Walker, O. L. Mersman, A. T. Weston, E. H. Simmons, G. W. Simmons, and Irwin Z. Smith. The rough riders, from whom very exciting ex-

hibitions are expected are: Paul Brown, Jr., J. L. Davis, Hugh Jones, Leigh Wickham and S. Lewis Von Phul. Lieut. R. E. Powers of H troop, 8th Cavalry, U. S. A., and forty men, are down for a swell drill and exhibition in "monkey riding." They have been practising daily at Jefferson Barracks ever since the invitation to participate was extended to them. Police representation on the programme has been brought about by Harry B. Hawes and the mounted police will make the same excellent displays that went so far to make former shows of the kind an an-

nual success. Another special feature is the rough riding of Maj. N. S. Stuart of the British Army, late of the Boer War exhibit. The detailed programme as now arranged, although likely to be greatly extended within the next few days is: 1, Police drill; 2, Show of Runabouts; 3, Gymkana event, umbrella race; 4, Show in the tandem class; 5, Jeu de barre, or barrier race, which will take the shape of the rosette game; 6, Pairs of victorias and broughams; 7, Melee, gymkana event, polo fencing with single sticks, riders protected by helmets, etc. 8, Four-in-

The book that will be
A Pleasing Christmas

✿ Gift ✿

Chang Yow Tong's

~Poems Entitled~

Universal
✿ Peace

Are so clear, so full of sentiment
and feeling that one can not but
feel that the Occidental has yet
to learn from the Oriental ✿

The Mirror:—"The poems dealing with
the World's Fair—as a peace monument are
most remarkable."



CHANG YOW TONG,
SECRETARY OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

Popular Edition, \$1.00.

Chinese Half Bound \$2.00

The Most Unique
Book Published
for Many Years

✿ ✿ ✿

Chang
Yow
Tong's

Handsomely Illustrated

BOOK OF POEMS

Universal Peace

The Review of Reviews:—"An Impression
on paper of the Occident and the great Fair—
by an Oriental—one of the great books of the
year."

For Sale at E. T. Jett Book and News Company, and at Nugents.

Send Your Friend an Unique Gift.

hands to show; 9, Drill by U. S. troopers; 10, Police and troopers in potato race; 11, Troopers in "monkey riding," showing the most recent horseback exercises of the U. S. cavalry; 12, Grand finale. It is confidently predicted that the affair will be a tremendous success, viewed both as a horse show and gymkana, and that there will be a large sum netted for the combined charities for the benefit of which it is being projected.

The list of patronesses of the Horse Show and Gymkana, is as follows: Mesdames C. F. Bates, Adolphus Busch, A. A. Busch, W. K. Bixby, A. D. Brown, G. A. Castleman, Daniel Catlin, Murray Carleton, G. O. Carpenter, S. W. Cobb, C. McL. Clark, J. D. Davis, J. T. Davis, S. C. Davis, J. O'F. Delany, J. T. Drummond, D. R. Francis, D. R. Francis, Jr., J. D. D. Francis, J. M. Franciscus, John Fowler, H. B. Hawes, Walker Hill, D. M. Houser, H. C. Haarstick, F. D. Hirschberg, C. H. Huttig, Duncan Joy, G. S. Johns, R. McK. Jones, Goodman King, Claude Kilpatrick, C. W. Knapp, Max Kotany, H. Koehler, W. H. Lee, E. G. Lewis, W. C. Little, F. A. Luties, Edward Mallinckrodt, G. D. Markham, O. L. Mersman, J. L. Mauran, Elias Michael, T. H. McKittrick, Charles Nagel, T. K. Niedringhaus, Saunders Norvell, E. L. Preetorius, Joseph Ramsey, Jr., W. H. Scudder, E. H. Simmons, John Schroers, C. H. Snencer, Otto Stifel, W. C. Stribling, S. L. Swarts, C. F.

Steadman, D. G. Taylor, George Tansy, W. H. Thompson, J. C. Van Blarcom, D. B. Walker, G. H. Walker, J. S. Walker, J. W. Wear, H. H. Wernse, T. H. West, Jr., F. F. Wickham, Rolla Wells, J. S. Walsh, C. K. D. Walsh, F. J. Wade, B. F. Yoakum and the Misses Emily C. Maffitt and Mary Perry.

MUSIC

BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER.

Thanks to the Union Musical Club, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler will be heard here next week. The celebrated pianist plays under the auspices of this enterprising club at The Odeon on Monday night, and an interesting programme is promised. Mme. Zeisler's work is always well worth while—more so than that of any woman pianist—and her readings of the great works in piano literature have authority force and individuality at the same time being free from exaggerations and distortions. Of technique she is a past master, and her slender fingers manipulate the keyboard with marvelous skill and dexterity.

QUARLES'S ORGAN RECITALS.

Mr. James T. Quarles has begun a series of free monthly organ recitals at Lindell Avenue M. E. Church, and at the first of the series, given on Saturday, was assisted by Mrs. W. K. Steward, soprano.

Mr. Quarles is a talented, hard working musician, a brilliant organist, and is deserving of attention.

THE BLUE BOOK FOR 1905

Gould's St. Louis "Blue Book" for 1905, larger and more elaborately prepared than ever, made its appearance last week. Great pains were taken by the publisher to present a correct roster of St. Louis' most prominent persons, and he has succeeded admirably. The work of revision to correct errors and secure removals was energetically pursued, so that this year's "Blue Book" can be regarded as absolutely reliable. The clubs, as well as the exclusive resident districts were subjected to a close canvass. And the scope of the work has been greatly increased. All the suburban points near St. Louis, including Alton, Edwardsville, East St. Louis and Collinsville and St. Charles, Mo., are included this year. In short, no place or family of prominence, has been omitted. Besides this directory, the "Blue Book" contains the rules of etiquette for dinners, parties, balls, receptions and weddings, and specimen forms for invitations to weddings and receptions are presented on the opening pages. Altogether the "Blue Book" for 1905 is complete, and will prove a handy volume in the home and in the business office. Its price per copy is \$5.

In theory this cold wave brings roses to the cheeks, but in reality the ruddy glow usually centers on the nose. But none of us need care as long as our feet are clad in a pair of Swope's Shoes—the best in all seasons. Store 311 N. Broadway.



Occupying a lofty position. Among American Undressed Worsteds (the soft finished but hand-woven worsteds) those made by the Hockanum Mills of Pennsylvania are holding down the highest position.

Some very good judges say that the Winter styles of Undressed Worsteds produced by the Hockanum Mills are in many respects superior to the best England is sending us. They've been given that American snap that is lacking in the English goods.

We've the whole "range" of Hockanum Undressed Worsteds Winter Suitings. May we show them to you?

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.,

High-Grade Tailoring.

Medium-Grade Prices.

816-820 Olive St.

The Post Office is Opposite.

Phones: Main 2647; B 300

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

MISS GOULD'S CHANCE.

Pacific, Mo., Dec. 3, 1904.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Sir:—The numerous and disastrous railroad accidents that have occurred, are still occurring, and will continue to occur, should be more seriously considered. The necessity of two tracks is keenly felt by the over-worked brakemen, firemen, engineers, dispatchers conductors, etc. Investigation in almost all the calamities prove that, directly or indirectly, the cause is, one track. Some will say, "Oh, no! the last accident occurred from spreading rails." If there were double tracks, the one would not be in continual use, and the track inspectors would have time to make repairs. The cry of justice says we ought to have double tracks, then we would consider most accidents unavoidable. We do not even mention the progress it would mean to freight facilities, etc. The question arises, to whom shall we appeal to save human lives and prevent hundreds of cripples. Vast amounts of money, we understand, derived from the revenue of the largest railroad companies of the

United States are hourly, daily, weekly, yearly, given to charities, by one young lady. Her name is known from ocean to ocean. We call her the ministering angel of the poor. She is eulogized for her wonderful strength of character, charm of personality. The extent of all her magnanimity will never be known, and it is only too true; the more we do the more is expected of us. Humbly asking pardon for these last lines, in the name of all humanity, I may also be pardoned for suggesting that this noble woman, would manifest the greatest influence of her life by trying to sway her own corporations to undertake the stoppage of the awful slaughter on the rails. Perhaps if she would say to the directors of the companies in which she is a shareholder, or to her magnate brothers: "We must have two tracks on all of our roads," it would have some effect. Oh, Helen! Your words might meet with approval. Who knows?

A COUNTRY GIRL.

A WORD ON PUBLIC OPINION.

St. Louis, Dec. 12th, 1904.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Dear Sir:—In an interview published in the *Republic* of December 9th, Mr. Akins says, "In my judgment, if the President is supported by the election of a United States Senator in whose judgment he can with confidence rely, and who is, and has been at all times in the past, his sincere friend, he will outline a policy that will greatly strengthen the party in Missouri and keep the State in the Republican column."

The knowledge which Republicans have both in and out of the State, that Mr. R. C. Kerens is President Roosevelt's bitter enemy, should be sufficient cause for his defeat as Senator. With a Senator such as he, there would be no hope of "strengthening the party in Missouri, or keeping it in the Republican column."

If the Legislators of Missouri cannot see the point, let them and the State suffer the consequences.

P. O.

MR. KERENS' CAREER.

St. Louis, Mo., December 9, 1904.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

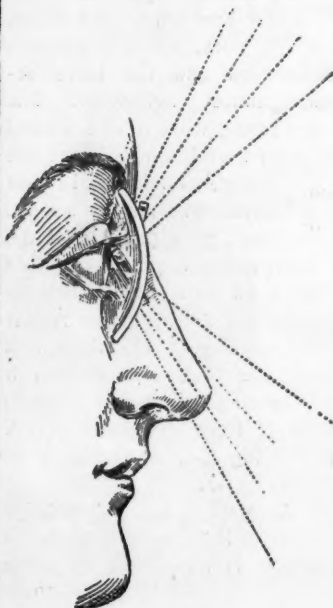
In your paper of December 8, 1904, "B. O. N." quotes an article in the edition of December 1st, of which the following is an extract: "Mr. R. C. Kerens' military record consists in the fact that he was a sutler, and after the war disposed of army mules and captured Confederate live stock left him by Col. Churchill, who commanded in Arkansas at the time." Further he says: "A statement which reflects discredit on Col. Churchill. A denial of this would be in order from Col. C."

This certainly is a statement which reflects discredit on Mr. O. R. L. has been misinformed—in other words, his statement is untrue.

Mr. R. C. Kerens never disposed of any live stock for me, nor did I ever leave any in his possession for sale.

I never commanded in Arkansas, but was in 1865 and 1866 Depot Quartermaster at Fort Smith. I had several

CORRECT GLASSES



DON'T take chances with your eyes. If you need glasses, secure the best optical service to be had. Select your optician as CAREFULLY as you would your physician.

Our leadership is unquestioned. Our OPTICIANS are men of the highest technical skill in their profession. Our LENS-GRINDING PLANT—on our fourth floor—is the largest and the most complete in the West. We TEST you eyes carefully and supply you with glasses of highest scientific accuracy at the

MOST REASONABLE PRICES.

ALOE'S, 513 OLIVE STREET.

Optical Authorities of America.

The Mosher Books

¶ The new catalogue for 1904, choicely printed in red and black, done up in old style blue wrappers, uncut edges, mailed free to all book-lovers who apply for it.

¶ This is Mr. Mosher's only method of making his editions known. All possible value is put into the books issued by him and they are then left to advertise themselves by their intrinsic merit

The entire line of The Mosher Books is for sale by

STIX, BAER & FULLER,
Grand Leader Book Dept.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Me.

hundred civilian employees, among them Mr. R. C. Kerens in the transportation department, he having been transferred to me by my predecessor. He never was a sutler to my knowledge.

Respectfully,
JAMES O. CHURCHILL.

GASTRONOMICAL.

London, Eng., Dec. 2, 1904.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I picked up a copy of the *London Mail* the other day and came upon this:

"At a not far distant date such an incident as the following will excite no comment: The scene is a fashionable little dinner-party, with an animated group round a beautifully decorated table lit with candles under glowing crimson shades. White chrysanthemums and pale-pink roses surrounded with smilax and a fairy tracery of fern cover the center and corners of the festive board. Enters a servant bearing an empty blue and white china bowl, which is placed before the charming hostess. The hostess rises with a subdued rustle of silk, and proceeds to rip the table decorations to pieces. No, it is not insanity, but merely the first stages of the new chrysanthemum salad—a delicacy which promises to become speedily popular. The petals are pulled off and mixed in the bowl, and a few rose or violet leaves dropped in add to the appearance. White chrysanthemums are best, as the colored varieties look rather "messy" when mixed with oil and vinegar. The flavor is by no means insipid, for the flower has a well-marked, delicate taste, as delicious in its way as asparagus, while the poetry

of the whole dish should appeal to the æsthetic and artistic as well as to seekers after 'novelties.'

Now, sir, I remember reading in the *MIRROR* in 1895 a description of a dinner given at Faust's by some society young man, whose name, if I recollect right, was Ed Clifford, at which the *piece de resistance*—if that's what it was—was a chrysanthemum sandwich. I think, too, that such salads have been served at the St. Louis Club with finely chopped apples added, a la Waldorf, to banquets, at which Mr. Carl Schraubstader presided. It was a St. Louis clubman, I think, named von Wedelstaedt, who served a salad made of violets to a party at a little flat some years ago, and it is well known that Col. Estill McHenry of your city always carries rose leaves in his pocket, dipping into them and chewing them much as the learned Dr. Johnson was wont to chew orange peel, as we read in Boswell.

Indeed, I am prompted to say that I have been pretty much all over the world, and there's no conviction stronger with me than that there is no place ahead of St. Louis gastronomically. Your restaurants are equal to any anywhere. Where in the world will one ever come across such a dish as that invented by Tony Faust, Jr., in which soft shell crabs and frog legs are done together in a rich sauce *en casserole*. There's only one mutton chop in the world, and that is served by my friend, Jim McTague, hot or cold. There's nothing in Europe like Melsheimer's crawfish soup, and to tell the truth, Louis Cæsar has the only recipe for onion soup—even if it does involve a

twenty-minute wait. I'd rather take a running jump for a high stool at Sprague's Delicatessen and bolt a quick service meal than tackle the swellest British feed. Gad, I'd give eleven dollars for a Nagel haesenspeffer right now and a glass of draught beer, and I want to tell you further, that there isn't any bread in all the world that I've been over that compares with those long loaves that we used to break down at Frank & Paul's old place on Fourth street, where Dave Francis' offices are now, or were, when I left St. Louis.

I never met a man anywhere who could order a dinner like your Judge Chester H. Krum, or any one who so happily combined the *gourmand* and the *gourmet* as your Tom Wand.

While I've been scribbling this, the thought comes to me that for a place where the feeding is so fine as in St. Louis, one hears little of it while there. I was talking to a sort of head waiter at the Carlton Cafe here the other day. "You're from St. Louis, eh," he said. "Well, I know a fellow, or use to, who went out there. I knew him in New York. He was a hotel steward there. His name's Arthur Ballinger. Greatest eater I ever saw, and could cook it, too. He used to make turtle soup with Madeira wine in it, and then get away with seven plates of it at a sitting, and then put down a chicken and then some other things." I was in a cafe in Naples, and I heard a man talking about Dave Francis. I listened, of course. What think you was the next name I heard? Yours—Mr. Editor, and then whose think you? Abe Slupsky. So you see, St. Louis is on the map.

Very truly, D. B. L.

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street.
Galle and Iridescent Bohemian Glass.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Through sleeping cars to Denver, via Union Pacific. Tickets and reservations at 903 Olive street.

Book-Plates
A book plate is a label bearing an artistic, exclusive design used for pasting in a book to denote ownership. It gives character to a library and insures the return of borrowed books.



An Ideal Christmas Gift
Go Book-Lovers.
I make a specialty of book plate design, submitting original sketches or working up my customers' ideas, as desired. Write for prices. Satisfactory work guaranteed.
W. M. Young,
Illustrator & Designer,
57 De Mevil Bldg.,
Phone A1348 St. Louis.

NEW BOOKS

Another St. Louis girl has made a bid for literary honors—Evelyn Watson of 4315 Lindell boulevard. She is the author of a little volume of somewhat sentimental tales, devoid of plot, entitled "The House by the Red Pump." There are some interesting passages in the work, which deals with strong friendships and the more ardent passion, almost exclusively. The struggle of a young woman who wanted to escape from herself and from the cause of the strange tumult within her because her sweetheart's mother seemed to claim his heart, gave promise of developing into something strong and tangible, but it all ends just as such affairs generally do, in the happy reconciliation and marriage. But there is a charm about the book even though it seems to have no particular message to deliver. It is from the press of the Bechtold Printing Co., St. Louis.

Now we have "The Lovers' Rubaiyat," and it is a little volume with a classical ring. It was edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and published by the Small-Maynard Company of Boston. The love note runs like a golden thread through the original "Rubaiyat," and the author of "The Lovers' Rubaiyat" has picked it up and fashioned it into a work of unity and sequence in which every sweetheart and lover, old or young, will find pleasure. There are 64 quatrains in the compilation, the majority of which were selected from versions of the original Rubaiyat, which never were widely read or known, in fact. There are only eight from Fitzgerald's, and the remainder are from the translations of the Gallienne, Cadell, Cutter, Powell, Keene, Johnson, Whinfield, Garner and Stokes.

"Dumas' Paris," by Francis Miltoun, author of several similar works, such as "Dickens' London," etc., will be of interest and perhaps of some aid to readers of the romances, although Dumas' Paris seems equally to have been Daudet's Paris, Balzac's Paris, Hugo's Paris, and every other great Frenchman's Paris. Dumas did pretty well spread himself over the whole of the city in the course of his many romances. It is impossible to say in how many places Dumas lived, although it is gathered from his "Memoires" and from contemporary information that numbered scores, and that, to speak the truth, he found it more economical to move than to pay his rents. The volume is from the press of Page & Co., New York.

"The Abbess of Vlaye," a story of sixteenth century France, in Stanley Weyman's happiest vein, has just issued from the press of Longmans, Green & Co. The story is laid in the reign of Henry IV. The people of four provinces having suffered long from war and oppression, rise in rebellion against the governors, and especially one, Captain of Vlaye of Angoumois. The King orders the Captain driven from France, and the manner in which the royal beast is carried out, in spite of formidable odds, and all that a beautiful and

unscrupulous woman can do to hinder it, furnish material for the strongest part of the very readable tale.

Edward Peple, whose "A Broken Rosary" did not take so well with the readers, is the author of another work, "A Prince Chap," which has something more to recommend it than its predecessor, in that it shows a sympathetic understanding of human nature. The story deals with a young London artist who is the "Prince Chap," the daughter of an artist's model, whom he has adopted, and a beautiful, brown-eyed maiden of whom he is enamored. The latter learning he has adopted the child, jilts him and marries another, which the sequel shows was a very good thing for the "Prince Chap." The story is from the press of Putnam Sons, of New York and London.

The latest number of "The Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans," which have been put forth by Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, presents the life of Walt Whitman, the good gray poet, written by Isaac Hull Platt, and edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. This little volume will prove to be of aid to those who are curious in regard to Whitman's life, and work, and useful also as an epitome to those already familiar with the subject. The biographer starts on the work with the acknowledgment that he is an unqualified admirer of Whitman, and a believer in the greatness of his work, but admits that there are other honest ways of looking at the subject. At any rate, a perusal of the volume, whether or not

The Man of Sorrows

Being a Little Journey to the Home of

Jesus of Nazareth

BY

Elbert Hubbard

A sincere attempt to depict the life, times and teachings, and with truth limn the personality of the Man of Sorrows.

Printed on Hand-made Paper, from a new font of Roman type. Special initials and ornaments. One hundred and fifty pages. A very beautiful book, bound solidly, yet simply, in limp leather, silk lined.

Price Per Volume \$2.00

THE ROYCROFTERS,

EAST AURORA, ERIE CO.,

NEW YORK.

A PRESS COMMENT.

If Elbert Hubbard's name lives in literature, it will not be on account of his exquisite *Philistine* fooling; nor yet because of that interesting trifle, *A Message to Garcia*. But it will be on account of this book, *THE MAN OF SORROWS*. Here is a limpid, lucid tale of a man's life as the author sees it—told as if it had never been told before—told without preaching; in language full of sympathy, tenderness and strong, quiet reserve. The book is an unconscious bid for immortality.—*Denver Post*.

BEST BOOKS

FOR GIFT-GIVING.

We are Booksellers for all Publishers, and supply any Book, Magazine or Periodical published. You can secure at this store the Best Books by the Popular Authors—those of Romance, Adventure, Travel, in sets or single volumes: Picture Books, Books for Old and Young, Boys and Girls; also Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals and all kinds of

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS

All books advertised in the Mirror are to be had at

JETT'S BOOK STORE,
806 Olive Street.

the reader is a Whitman student, cannot fail to interest.

"The Buccaneer," that interesting tale of modern commercial life and love, which, as a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post* was so much enjoyed, now appears in book form. It has been re-edited, enlarged and touched up by the author, Henry M. Hyde, so that, on the whole, it is given new life. It will be remembered as a stirring, up-to-date novel, revealing the methods of a large corporation in dealing with a rival. The story is deeply interesting, and the love story which is deftly woven through the plots and counterplots, is the spice of the dish. The volume is from the press of Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, and its price is \$1.20 per copy.

"Miriam, or The Sin of David," by Stephen Phillips, is a poetical drama in three acts. It is not Biblical, but it follows closely the action of its Old

Testament prototype—the story of David, Bathsheba, and Uriah. The scenes are laid in the time of the English Civil War. *Col. Mardyke*, a stern old Puritan, is married to a young wife, *Miriam*, a woman of ardent nature, to whom the grayness and repression of her home are intolerable. When *Sir Hubert Lisle*, commander of the Parliamentary forces in the Fenland, makes *Mardyke's* house his military headquarters for a time, he and *Miriam* fall in love with each other. Just when their love is declared, need arises for a commander in a desperate night attack on the enemy, which can only result in the death of the leader. After slight hesitation, *Lisle*, unknown to *Miriam*, sends *Mardyke* to his death. The volume is from the press of the MacMillan Company, of New York. Its price, in cloth, is \$1.25; special edition, \$7.50 per copy, net.

"Sir Beville," a romance by the Rev. Canon Arthur Christopher Thynne, concerning an interesting period of English history, has recently issued from the press of John Lane, of New York. The hero was a grandson of Sir Richard Grenville, the hero of Tennyson's "Revenge," but in the West Country the fame of *Sir Beville* is even greater than that of his grandfather. He supported the King in the Civil War, and fell at the battle of Lansdowne in 1643. Attached to *Sir Beville* in closest intimacy in the tale is *Sir John Eliot*, who fought strongly for the liberties of Parliament and died during confinement in the Tower. These two were friends from boyhood. Among other characters is *Antony Payne*, *Sir Beville's* giant, one of the worthies of the west. The story is enlivened with stag hunts, witch hunts, fights with gypsies, conflicts with London footpads, masques in palaces, stealthy journeys of royal fugitives, and all the conditions of contemporary social life of the period. The book sells at \$1.50 per copy.

Mrs. Marion Foster Washburne, in "A Little Fountain of Life," has shown that she can portray life. The story, which deals with the saving of a young girl, *Marie Osgood*, the daughter of nouveau rich parents, who denied her entree to society and kept her in almost primitive innocence, is full of qualities that are strong, clever descriptive and witty dialogues. Moreover, the characters are bold and clean-cut. Late fiction contains no more delightful heroine than *Marie Osgood*, and the optimistically philosophical *Miss 'Umphries* can not fail to remind one of *Mrs. Wiggs*. The dialogue in which the book abounds is cheerful, vivacious, and witty, at the same time always natural, and *Miss 'Umphries'* philosophy is particularly fresh and inspiring. "What is dirt, anyway," says she, "but things in the wrong place? Earth, for instance, that ought to be wove full of roots and fastened down solid, not tending to business but floating around promiscuous, and then, when it is tired of doing nothing, just dropping down anywhere, not minding what it spoils. And to have country feelings and long-

ings when you've got to live in a city and do city work, is dirt—because they're good feelings out of place." The volume is from the press of Rand, McNally & Company, of Chicago and New York. Its price is \$1.00.

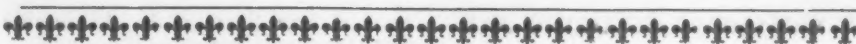
A book entirely devoted to lace, at first glance may create an impression of commercialism but not so "The Lace Book," written and illustrated by N. Hudson Moore, and published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. A perusal of it will reward any one, male or female, and it will be found to contain much that is not only entertaining, but highly instructive. The beauties of design and workmanship and the delicate arrangement of threads are all aptly described and featured. Five chapters are devoted to the growth of lace and the various sorts from Italy, France, England and Flanders. Then the author goes off into anecdote, telling odd little historical facts and incidents in which the delicate fabric becomes involved.

WHERE TO BUY GIFTS

Never puzzle your brain about Christmas gifts—that is, the kind of gifts that will be suitable. Don't you know this matter has long ago been solved? There's nothing like a diamond ring, scarfpin, stud, ear-rings, or other ornament for such a purpose. They are always acceptable. Not one person in ten thousand, or perhaps a million, would refuse such an offering. So the diamond in any form is the gift to select. And, knowing this, there is only one other important point—where to buy. Naturally, the name of the Mermod and Jaccard Jewelry Company comes first to mind. There you will find an assortment suitable to all tastes and purses. And right now, the prices are particularly low on Christmas gift goods. Diamond rings in mountings of wire, twisted and round, in skeleton, solitaire and group settings, may be had all the way from \$40 up to \$135. The Mermod-Jaccard Jewelry Company has a great assortment of precious stone jewelry that is unique in its beauty, size and variety. There are necklaces, from \$50 up to \$25,000; brooches, from \$25 to \$10,000; bracelets, from \$15 to \$2,000, and an endless stock of shirt studs, lockets and cuff buttons. So that if you wish to buy a useful and beautiful present their's is the store to go to.

A FAIR SOUVENIR

Persons of literary tastes desiring a souvenir of the World's Fair, could not do better than secure for their libraries *Chang Yow Tong* is a Chinese and he spired by the Exposition's beauties. *Chang Yow Fong* is a Chinese and he was secretary of Wong Kai Kah, the Chinese Commissioner to the Fair. Both are exceptionally bright, well-informed representatives of the Orient, and now that the Fair is over, both are greatly missed by the persons of culture in St. Louis. *Chang Yow Tong's* book bears the very appropriate title, "To Universal Peace." It is a pretty souvenir of the visit of these two learned Chinese, and is a meri-



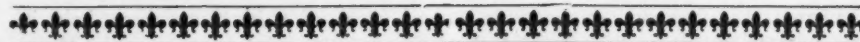
During Convalescence

Recovery is hastened, health restored and vitality renewed by the use of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

The perfect malt tonic. A food in liquid form. It quickly builds flesh and tissue.

All druggists sell it. Prepared by the
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.



STANDARD

The Home of Folly. Two Frolics Daily.

THIS WEEK,

The Morning

Glories Co.

NEXT WEEK,

Tiger

Lillies.

GRAND

ST. LOUIS' MOST POPULAR THEATRE

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday—25c and 50c. Night Prices 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Wilson Barrett's Great Play.

The Sign of the Cross.

Next Sun. Mat.—Charley Grapewin in "THE AWAKENING OF MR. PIPP."

IMPERIAL

Tenth and Pine 25c Daily Matinees. Nights, Best Seats 50c

THIS WEEK

AT THE OLD CROSS ROADS

NEXT WEEK

Patrice in "Driven from Home."

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

GEORGE ADE'S

Peggy

From Paris

Reg. Matinee Saturday

NEXT MONDAY

The Musical Success

Sergeant Kitty

Reserved Seats Thursday Morning.

... CENTURY ...

THIS WEEK,

ROBERT EDESON

IN RANSON'S FOLLY

Regular Matinee Sat.

NEXT SUNDAY

The Maid and

the Mummy

Reserved Seats Thursday A. M.

Horse Show—Gymkana

COLISEUM SAT. EVE., DEC. 17.

Reserved Seats at Bollman's, 1120 OLIVE STREET.

PRICES \$1.50 and \$1.00.

torious one. It was published last July and has ever since been in big demand. It is good poetry, dealing with the Fair from the poet's standpoint, and it is well to know and to have such a volume as a memento of the greatest Exposition to date. The book is neatly printed and bound and is appropriately illustrated. And it can be obtained at any of the news stands.

A handsome set of art calendars not only suitable for Christmas, but for any season or occasion, has been prepared by Paul Elder and Company, publishers, of San Francisco. The artistic touch and finish noticeable in the work of this company make these calendars unique in their line. They are printed in colors on the best cardboard, are appropriately illustrated, and bound with silken chords. One known as the "Impressions Calendar," contains a series of select quotations from famous authors and philosophers living and dead, while "The Christmas Carol Calendar for 1905," presents on each of its six pages the music and words of six separate carols. The price of the former is \$1.50, of the latter \$1.00.

The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Odd Styles Stationery and Xmas Cards.

"Mrs. Statuesque may pretend to be a blue-stock, but she is not above pretty clothes just the same."

"Yet she is often so décollete as to appear above them."—Town Topics.

Mrs. Campbell—"Isn't Wuillie Douglas a fine young man?"

Mrs. McNicoll—"He's a' that. Bit he needs some bringin' up. A notis that, fur instance, at yer pairty, 'e picket 'is teeth wi' a pen-knife instead o' 'is fork."

WOMAN'S TATTOOING FAD

It is announced that several women of wealth, to whom most of the things in the world have become boresome, have taken to tattooing, and have offered their fair shoulders and arms, and even the nether extremities, for needle and dye to work thereon harmonies of line and color.

One lady is described as having a butterfly on one shoulder, an arrow-pierced heart on the other, a bluebird singing a mute song on her breast, while her waist is circled with a wondrous snake, aglow with color and flashing scales, the curves of which have been described as "refulgent reptilian rapture."

Just what is intended to be conveyed here is not exactly clear, but this fact stands forth vividly—the lady undoubtedly has peculiar artistic distinction. She is in possession of masterpieces of a high order of which no one can deprive her.

Here the prowling thief brings no anxiety, no terror. My lady carries her treasures with her, and has a privacy of possession, at that, which, it is gallantly assumed, is free from covetous eyes.

A woman who strikingly adorns herself does so through vanity. And vanity wants the free sunlight to shine on its possession. It is this thought that raises a doubt concerning this particular case. Even the artistic latitude of the opera season would not enable this fair faddist to show the full extent of her appreciation of Japanese art.

"For whom does the blind man's wife make herself beautiful?" is an old, old question. And it has a general applicability in this instance.

Something of the extraordinary significance of tattooing among the women of an advanced civilization may be apprehended when it is known that the wisest authorities declare than even among the lowest types of humanity the women tattoo less than the men. "We must seek an explanation of the type in atavism," says Lombroso, "and this becomes doubly significant when we learn that even the savage woman is tattooed less frequently and more simply than the aboriginal man."

In the Marquesas Islands the native leaders of the cotillion are so lavishly ornamented that they appear to be clothed; but the women take to plain, delicate designs. It would probably cause a grievous scandal were one of the brown society leaders to submit her waist to the embrace of a vari-colored monster. The custom is dying out among the women of Japan. In Burmah it has been dropped, and in New Zealand

two or three lines on the lip or chin suffice the most fastidious woman.

Vanity is the great commanding passion. In some women it often becomes mania. In others imbecility. It is difficult to define its rational limits; but this is certain: Tattooing is far and away outside of the pale. It is the beauty of savagery.

A tattooed civilized woman is a profanation. She is a desecration of God's noblest work. The taste that encourages such a custom, which it has taken the white race thousands of years to outgrow, is unhealthy, diseased and degenerate. One shrinks from the thought of a disfigured woman, though we accept with complaisance the distorted bust and waist of the modern corset.

A tattoo symbol is a blemish, whether it is a full-rigged ship on the hairy breast of a muscular prize fighter or a lotus flower on the snowy shoulder of My Lady of Vanities.

The tattooed society woman is a twentieth century freak in the world's vast museum.—*New York Evening Telegram*.



VANITY FAIR

The "Ladies' Cabinet," an innovation of Mrs. Roosevelt, which is composed of wives of Cabinet members, held its first meeting of the season at the White House, the other day, and established itself on a firm business basis. Mrs. Roosevelt proposes that her cabinet shall be to social Washington what the President's Cabinet is to official Washington. During the coming season she intends that the rule of her cabinet shall be absolute in all social matters. The members will meet at the White House every Tuesday morning, and their discussions will be as serious as those of the President and his Cabinet, which will be in session at the same time at the executive offices, and of greater importance to Washington. Mrs. Roosevelt and her advisers will arrange for all social events given by the official set, so that there will be no conflicting dates. Their supervisory control will even extend beyond the wives of Senators and Representatives, for there are many society leaders whose husbands are not in Congress, and they will not care to send out invitations to receptions unless they are sure that they will not run counter to some official or quasi-official affair. Consequently, all who are "in society," as society is recognized by the autocrats, will be compelled to consult with the "Ladies' Cabinet" in regard to "open time" before making any entertainment arrangements. Mrs. Roosevelt's cabinet will also pass on all invitation lists, and will decide on who are and who are not "in society." The decision of Mrs. Roosevelt's cabinet will be final in all social matters.



History records that to such an extent did the craze for lace go at times, that it required an edict of government frequently to keep folks from going to reckless extravagance. Queen Bess had to order "neither also should any person use or wear such great and excessive ruffs . . . but all should be modest and semely." Under Cromwell such vanities as lace were sternly suppressed

A BOOK FOR BOOK LOVERS

BENIGNA VENA

BY

MICHAEL MONAHAN

A book made up of the Author's darling opinions (for many of which he has filed the First Caveat) on various literary themes and persons.

The writers treated are modern men with whom the Author has passed the best hours of his mental life; they lived, too, as well as wrote, and in them the world has still a living interest.

The fact may or may not concern you, but I was 39 years coming to this book.

BENIGNA VENA will be handsomely printed from a specially cut font of type on English hand-made paper. The binding, artistic and durable, will be the work of Henry Blackwell, of New York.

Price, - - - - - \$2.50

A small number on Japan Vellum

at - - - - - \$5.00

All copies signed and numbered by the author.

NOTICE:—The edition will be limited to **500 COPIES**, and we are booking orders fast. **You had better send cash with order and take no chances.**—avoid grief and put your money in a Cheque, Postal Note, or Express Order.

Ready for delivery about December 10.

THE PAPYRUS, Somerville, N. J.

—though the protector's own mother absolutely declined to lay aside her rich lace, and in 1634, in France, boots and carriages, it was decreed, must show no lace, while in the same year, the Massachusetts General Court prohibited the purchase of "any app'll either woolen, silke, or linnen, with any lace on it, silver, golde, silke, or threed."



Former Justice D. Cady Herrick, defeated candidate for governor of New York, has sailed for Havana. Justice Herrick says that on his return he will set about earning his living and will open a law office in Albany and probably one in New York. He remarked regarding the recent election: "I can only say that I have nothing to add to what I have already said; unless it is to say that I may have said too much."



Timothy L. Woodruff, in illustrating a point which he wished to make at a recent political gathering, told of an epitaph which a husband caused to be chiseled upon the monument of his wife, who had died after a somewhat tempestuous married life. The epitaph read: "Here lies a wife. Tears cannot bring her back. Therefore her husband weeps."



They were discussing art. Young Mr. D'Auber admitted that he handled the brushes a bit. "Don't you paint, yourself?" he asked Miss Oldgirl. "Paint myself!" she ejaculated. "Sir, you are insulting!" And she indignantly left the room.

School of Domestic Science

Opens Jan. 4, 1905, in vicinity of Worcester, Mass., by two recent teachers at Oread Institute. Boarding or day pupils. For prospectus or further information, address,

Mrs. F. A. Wethered,
AUBURN, MASS.

BIG FOUR

IN CONNECTION WITH
NEW YORK CENTRAL,
BOSTON & ALBANY,
LAKE SHORE,
LEHIGH VALLEY,
AND
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RYS.

OPERATE
MODERN TRAINS
WITH
EXCELLENT EQUIPMENT
CONSISTING OF
Magnificent Sleepers, Library Cars,
Dining Cars, Through Coaches.

Liberal Stop Overs:
NIAGARA FALLS, WASHINGTON,
BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA.

TICKETS:
Broadway and Chestnut and Union Station.
C. L. HILLEARY,
Assistant Gen'l Pass. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Forgetful—"Oh, Mr. Whitewood—Blackwood—Redwood—dear me! I hope you'll excuse me. I always do forget the color of your name."



WIDELY
IMITATED BUT NEVER EQUALLED
THE GENUINE

**Murray & Lanman's
Florida Water**

The Perfume of Perfumes.
REFRESHING, DELIGHTFUL.
Without exception the best
Toilet Water in the World.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

DANGER IN A HUNTER'S SUIT.

Proper choice of clothing on the part of hunters would prevent many serious accidents in the woods during the deer hunting season, as was explained last night by Winn Powers of St. Paul. He was discussing a trip that he will make next week into the Northern woods in pursuit of big game.

"A man is shot for deer in the woods," Mr. Powers said, "because he looks like a deer. He is seldom seen distinctly or else, of course, the mistake wouldn't be made. He is not seen plainly enough to demonstrate by his form that he is not a deer. Only his color makes the false suggestion.

"Yet, in spite of this fact, which is familiar, some hunters will persist in wearing the brownish or yellowish coats that are found so convenient when shooting ducks. Then, naturally, you want to look as little like a man as possible. Whether you look like a deer isn't material. But in the woods during the fall such a resemblance may be fatal.

"A year or two ago, I recall, I was walking through the underbrush after deer. I came to a cranberry swamp. On both sides of the path the undergrowth was so thick I couldn't turn out. Just then I heard a crackling sound. Something along the edge of the swamp, something that looked yellowish brown whenever I got a glimpse of it, was coming my way. It was a deer, no doubt, and I was bound to get it. I dropped behind a log and leveled my rifle. I was waiting for the deer to come out into the open. But he didn't leave the brush till he was almost on top of me. Then he said, 'ugh!' and scowled. He was an Indian hunter wearing a yellowish brown felt hat and a yellowish coat.

"Some deer hunters have taken to wearing a red band around their hats. This is a good scheme. Another is to wear black or decidedly dark clothes. A third is to carry a dark silk handkerchief and never a white one. A white handkerchief held in the hand,

when seen through the woods at a distance, may look exactly like the white of a deer's tail.

"Still a better plan is to go where you can keep in touch with the scattered residents throughout the woods. They always take notice of the approach of strangers and will generally ask where the strangers intend to hunt. In that way you can usually manage to secure part of the woods to yourself. You won't have to take chances on somebody else having bad eyesight or worse judgment."—*St. Paul Globe.*



DO YOU KNOW LAUGHLIN'S?

Laughlin feeds the hungry, cures the dyspeptic, and makes every one happy. If you think you are not going to have a Happy Christmas call on Laughlin. If you think you will, call anyhow. Laughlin is the restaurateur that knows the palate like a book. He tempts your appetite if you are indifferent, and satiates it if hungry. All the excellent wonders of the market are yours if you eat at Laughlin's. His place is at the northeast corner of Seventh and Locust streets, an ideal basement restaurant, where the finest service is maintained. Special attention is given to theater parties, and a high class orchestra furnishes music during the evenings. The restaurant remains open until 1 a. m.



STORIES TOLD IN NEW YORK

While on a trip through the sparsely settled districts of Georgia a New York man hired a colored native to guide him across country to his destination. Reaching the banks of a swift-flowing, unbridged stream, the Northern man spotted a boat moored at the edge, and asked the negro if he could row.

"Ro', boss? No, sah, Ah, kain't ro', nohow."

"Well, how can I get across, then? There isn't any bridge."

"W'y, boss, Ah'll take yo' acrost in no time in that 'ere punt," answered the negro.

"But I thought you said you couldn't row?"

"No, suh, Ah kain't ro'," answered Sambo, rolling his eyes in ludicrous astonishment; "but Ah kin git yo' acrost de ribber all right, suh."

The Northerner with some trepidation and considerable curiosity stepped into the boat, and the negro rowed him swiftly and surely over the turbulent stream to the other side, proving himself an experienced oarsman.

"Why, Sambo, what did you mean by lying to me?" asked the perplexed traveler. "I thought you said you couldn't row a boat?"

Sambo opened his mouth in a grin so wide that he appeared to whisper in his own ear as he replied: "W'y, boss, Ah suah thought you meant ro'—ro' like a lion!"



The *Westminster Gazette* reports the case of an English officer who was stationed for two years at Cairo and who never took the trouble to go out to look at the pyramids. In explaining his failure to see those landmarks of progress he said: "What with polo and

parties and bridge and cricket I never had a minute to myself."



THE MILLINERS MISTAKE

One of the most prominent society women of Paris, who is very quiet and unostentatious in her dress—only the appointments of her equipage betray the fact that she is wealthy—stopped her carriage a few days ago outside the establishment of a fashionable milliner, entered, and, addressing the proprietor, said: "I see by the bill in your window that you want an apprentice." The milliner eyed her from the crown of her modest bonnet to the tip of her common sense shoe. "You would not do at all," she said. "I want a lady-like person who can wait on customers." The lady not in the least upset, quietly replied that she wished to place one of her maids with someone from whom she could learn millinery while she, herself, was in the South; but, she added, "I'm afraid you would not do." As the footman opened the carriage door the horror-stricken milliner recognized, too late, the livery of one of the most aristocratic families of the Faubourg.—*Boston Herald.*



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR

"John," said his wife in a firm tone. "What is it, dear?" responded the husband.

"You've been supporting Mr. Sniffkins for congress for the past two months, haven't you?"

"Yes, my love."

"And he was elected, wasn't he?"

"He was, my dear."

"Well," said the wife, with a steely glitter in her eye, "don't you think you can whirl in now and help support this family?"



One of the stories attributed to Bishop Potter concerns a young and inexperienced clergyman who had just been called to a city charge. At the end of the first month his salary was paid by a check and he took it to the bank and passed it in at the paying teller's window. The official looked at it and then passed it back. "It's perfectly

good," he said, "but I will have to ask you to indorse it." The young clergyman took his pen and wrote across the face of the check: "I respectfully subscribe to the sentiments herein expressed."



MY QUEEN

BY CARL REINHOLD WERNER.

Thy scepter grand

Is a work-worn hand;

Thy crown, just silvery hair;

Thy lifelong reign

Love, born of pain;

Thy throne—an old arm chair.

Thy treasure lies

In those kindly eyes;

Thy jewels shine above.

Thy rule divine.

Oh, queen of mine,

Is just—a mother's love.



LITTLE FREE WITH THE JUDGE

Congressman Bankhead, of Alabama, has a weakness for gambling stories. One that he tells is of a time when a spasmodic attempt was being made to drive gamblers out of Mobile. A witness was on the stand testifying for the defense, it being well known that the judge was a skillful poker player. The witness talked of "going blind," "raising," "passing," and so on, and finally his honor said gravely: "Mr. Jackson, you are using a good many of what I presume are technical terms. Will you be good enough to explain some of them?" The witness, with equal gravity, replied: "I shall be pleased to do so, your honor, if you will kindly let me have your poker deck for a few moments."




Uncle George—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality.

Arthur—Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it.

Uncle George—I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling.—*Boston Transcript.*



The Gift Shop, 4011 Olive street. Chinese and Japanese Jardineries and lily bowls.



For Neuralgia of the Face

Apply a very hot cloth saturated with Pond's Extract. All pains arising from neuralgic and inflammatory conditions such as headache, toothache, backache, are quickly relieved by

POND'S EXTRACT

"The Old Family Doctor."

Quiets the nerves, reduces inflammation.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper

Accept No Substitute

THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street events of the past week have been on the sensational order. Under extremely heavy and urgent selling, the whole list of active issues gave way very suddenly and startlingly. In some instances fluctuations were of such wide range as to suggest thoughts and fears of a panic. The wave of liquidation was, ostensibly, based upon certain remarks in the President's message in reference to the growing necessity of publicity and proper regulation of the incorporation and management of companies engaged in interstate business. There is, however, every reason to believe that the selling pressure was due, principally, to the desire of cliques to realize profits and a decreasing absorbing power in the market. This desire to liquidate was probably hastened by a slight rise in money rates and the stormy, disastrous proceedings in the wheat and cotton pits.

The perpendicular fall in the quotations for Amalgamated Copper aroused considerable discussion and fresh conjectures as to the actual position of Thomas W. Lawson and his relations to the Standard Oil "gang." However, it is easy to exaggerate the importance of personal factors. That Lawson's

operations were not the chief cause of the collapse in Amalgamated may be inferred from the simple news that Rio Tintos in London and Paris, broke almost simultaneously. The price of the metal went down likewise on the same day. Is it, therefore, not reasonable to assume that the break in copper shares had its origin chiefly in the decline in the price of the metal?

Wall street is given to romancing. It delights in hearing and reading of the spectacular fight which Lawson is waging upon Rockefeller and Rogers. Plain, simple facts are not palatable to the jaded taste of stock gamblers. They must ever have something grotesque, mysterious, sensational. It is, therefore, no wonder that the Amalgamated incident overshadowed almost everything else. The startling break in various active railroad issues seemed to attract but scant attention, although the same threw more true light upon the actual situation than anything that the newsmonger could adduce in connection with the decline in copper.

The manner in which some of the best stocks gave way suggested ominous possibilities, or rather probabilities. When a stock like St. Paul or Union Pacific could drop with such

Condensed Official Statement of the Financial Condition of the

Mississippi Valley Trust Co.

ST. LOUIS.

Under Call of Secretary of State, at Close of Business November 30, 1904.

RESOURCES.

Loans	\$ 9,891,395.46
Bonds and Stocks	7,642,233.06
Real Estate	495,461.00
Overdrafts	259.06
Safety Deposit Vaults	72,000.00
Cash in Vaults	\$2,103,781.41
Cash with Other Trust Companies and Banks	4,018,591.18
Checks and Other Cash Items	253,173.28
Accrued Interest on Demand Loans	29,710.58
All Other Resources	18.20
	\$24,506,023.23

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus	3,500,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,819,390.85
Demand Deposits	\$9,976,177.90
Time Certificates of Deposit	1,966,498.33
Savings Deposits	4,193,569.40
Reserve for Reinsurance of Liability as Surety on Outstanding Bonds	44,338.99
All Other Liabilities	6,647.76
	\$24,506,023.23

OFFICERS.

JULIUS S. WALSH, President.
BRECKINRIDGE JONES, Vice President and Counsel.
JOHN D. DAVIS, Vice President.
SAMUEL E. HOFFMAN, Vice President.
JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary.
HUGH R. LYLE, Assistant Secretary.
HENRY C. IBBOTSON, Assistant Secretary.
FREDERICK VIERLING, Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS.

BRECKINRIDGE JONES, Vice President and Counsel.
WM. F. NOLKER, Treasurer St. Louis Brewing Association.
WM. D. ORTHWEIN, President Wm. D. Orthwein Grain Co.
H. CLAY PIERCE, President Waters-Pierce Oil Co.
JOSEPH RAMSEY, JR., President Wash R. R. Co.
MOSES RUMSEY, President L. M. Rumsey Mfg. Co.
R. H. STOCKTON, President Majestic Mfg. Co.
JULIUS S. WALSH, President.
ROLLA WELLS, Mayor of City of St. Louis.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

. Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET.

ST. LOUIS.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We take pleasure in announcing to our patrons and the public in general that the magnificent

SAFE DEPOSIT
AND STORAGE VAULTS

of the Lincoln Trust Co., located at 710 Chestnut Street, are to remain there permanently. We solicit your Safe Deposit business and offer you the best in the line of protection and good service obtainable anywhere.

CELLA COMMISSION CO.

— DEALERS IN —

Grain, Provisions, Cotton and Stocks

FOR CASH OR MARGINS.

Write for Our Book of Statistics. Mailed Free.

200 North Fourth St.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

H. WOOD,
President.RICH'D B. BULLOCK,
Vice-President.W. E. BERGER,
Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

CORNER FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

Best Passenger Service in
TEXAS

"No Trouble to Answer Questions."
Write for Resort Pamphlet and New Book on TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

"Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for civilization."—Macaulay.

MAP OF THE
NEW YORK CENTRAL
LINES.

A system of 11,505 miles of railway in the populous territory east of Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, furnishing luxurious and rapid transportation facilities for more than one-half of the entire population of the United States.

Details of rates and trains given by any New York Central ticket agent.

A copy of "America's Winter Resorts," will be sent free, upon receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

rapidity, and to such an extent, as was the case a few days ago, it would be foolish any longer to talk of the underlying strength of the general market. Such extreme weakness and demoralization, such lack of buying power can be noted, as a rule, only at times when the boom has reached its utmost limit, when everybody, big and small, is gorged with holdings of stocks. What occurred latterly could have been, and was foreseen, by every one who is at all conversant with the character and average duration of stock speculation, whether for the rise or the fall. Prices receded because there were too many small fellows tailing on after the bull leaders. A shake-out had thus become imperative.

A recovery has set in since the collapse, and has been followed by another bad "slump." Stocks act as if they intended to react further. It would be surprising if the bull movement were to be resumed in the near future. A sharp break of the kind lately experienced generally presages a downward tendency in prices for the "long run," with occasional sallies, of course. It will be remembered that the panic of May the 9th, 1901, was followed immediately by an extraordinarily sharp recovery, some issues rising to almost their previous high point again, the same day or day after. For three or four weeks the market presented a fairly firm front, a few active stocks (Louisville and Nashville, for instance) making new high records. It soon became apparent, however, that liquidation was in progress on the quiet. It asserted itself more and more, until it could no longer be disguised when it became known that the corn crop had been damaged to a serious extent.

It does not seem likely, however, that the bears will be able to make much headway between now and January 1st. Seldom do market quotations display a declining tendency in the last two or three weeks of the year, although there was a striking exception to this rule in 1902. The *Krach* of the past week must have hurt a good many traders in a serious manner, and thus diminished the chances for a speedy, decisive rise in prices. Selling for short account on all rallies will, for this reason, be more popular again with the nimble traders than it has been since the latter part of August.

The late bitter lesson came at the right time. It served to convey a wholesome and much-needed warning. It knocked it into the heads of addle-brained gamblers that the advance has gone far enough for the time being. It would not be such a bad thing if prices were to recede still further. Another sharp decline of, say, five or six points would wipe out any number of thinly-covered holdings. The big fellows know this full well. They may be "gunning" for them right now. Wall street does not care which way the market goes as long as it makes the "coin." Whether prices go up or down, the professional trader manages to keep his head above water. Whether the public be long or short, he is bound in the end to gain his objective point.

The loan item of the New York As-

sociated Banks is still shrinking. This betokens continued liquidation. About three weeks ago, the attention of readers of these columns was called to the gradual contraction of loans, which had then already been in progress for two or three weeks, and the opinion was ventured that this foreshadowed a culmination of the upward movement. The loan item is, perhaps, the most important of the weekly bank statements, though in the last two or three years it could not be gauged with usual exactness, for the reason that the banks had contracted the habit of shifting part of their loans to the trust companies. The latter institutions were indubitably of powerful assistance in the manipulation of stocks in Wall street. It should seem that the Associated Banks owe it to their patrons as well as to the general public to make their weekly statements more of a true index of the monetary position than they have been for some time past. Many bank statements of recent times were practically worthless, and even misleading.

Very cheerful talk can still be heard in the iron and steel trade. It is to be hoped that it is based on actual facts, and sound reasoning. The determination of the steel rail pool to maintain quotations does not, *per se*, carry as much weight as is generally supposed. In the mind of the cynical critic the suggestion obtrudes itself that these pool resolutions may be all "bluff." Mere resolutions alone do not determine the volume of business or the future course of prices. For the present, it will be best to refrain from hasty, over-sanguine expectations as to the future of the steel industry.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There's little doing on the local stock exchange. The holiday spirit seems to have crept over the community on Fourth street. However, prices remain firm, though it is to be suspected that they would recede several notches in various instances if real selling of more than modest proportions made its appearance. There's, no doubt, some artificiality to the St. Louis market, no matter what certain interested parties may say to the contrary. The break in Wall street seems to have caused a light chill in local trading. However, sentiment, taken as a whole, inclines more to the bull than the bear side. Barring the untoward, better quotations may be looked for in the coming new year.

Bank and trust company shares are still absorbing most of the attention of brokers. The Third National has raised its quarterly dividend to three per cent per annum. This is a belated justification of the recent strengthening of the price of these shares. Commonwealth Trust is going at 298; Title Guaranty at 63. Missouri Trust is still drooping; it is now quoted at 139½ bid, 140½ asked. For Mississippi Valley 345½ is bid, for State National 178¾, for Mechanics' National 281, with 287 asked. Mercantile is offering at 370, with 367½ bid.

United Railways preferred may be bought at 68; there's but limited demand for it; the common voting trust

CHRISTMAS

DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT

Don't Cramp Yourself

For Christmas Money. Why not use the **LOFTIS SYSTEM** and select any Diamond, Watch or other article from our magnificent Christmas Catalogue. Your selection will be promptly sent on approval, to your home, place of business, or if you prefer to your express office. If it is just what you want and well worth the price asked, pay one-fifth down and keep it, sending the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. You will be under no obligations to buy and you will have nothing to pay, for we pay all express charges in advance.

We Depend on Our Goods

ask is an opportunity to submit them to anyone interested in Christmas Diamonds, Watches or Jewelry.

You

are welcome to credit whether you are a modest salaried employee or a wealthy employer. The Loftis System makes any honest person's credit good by adjusting terms to meet their earnings, income or convenience. Don't think that you must give something cheap and trashy because you can spare but a few dollars at present. With five or ten dollars for a first payment you can give a beautiful Diamond which will last forever and every day remind the wearer of your regard and good judgment. We will arrange the payments so that you will hardly miss them from your monthly income.

Cash Buyers

are welcome too, and we have an equally attractive offer for them, as follows: Pay cash for any Diamond, and we will give you a written agreement to take it back at anytime within one year, and give you spot cash for all you paid—less ten per cent. You might for instance, wear a fifty dollar Diamond for a year, then send it back to us and get forty-five dollars, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for the entire year, less than ten cents weekly. No other house makes this offer.

Competition.

Our goods, prices, terms and methods have just finished a seven month's competition with the entire world at the St. Louis Universal Exposition, and we have been awarded the **Gold Medal**. No stronger endorsement of the Loftis System could be given; in no other way could our leading position in the Diamond and Jewelry trade be so strongly emphasized.

Our Christmas Catalogue

is ready and will be sent postpaid on request. Write for it today. Do not make a selection for Christmas until you receive it, for it will be your reliable guide to the best goods, lowest prices, easiest terms and fair and courteous treatment.

Don't Wait

until the Christmas rush is on, for while we have the best facilities in the world for handling an enormous amount of business expeditiously and satisfactorily, they are taxed to the utmost at Christmas time. We want to give you the best possible attention, and we can do it now.

Our Guarantee

is the strongest ever given by a responsible house. We give one with every Diamond, attesting its value and quality. Any Diamond ever sold by us is like so much cash when you want other goods or a larger stone. Please write today for a Catalogue—it's worth its weight in gold to any Christmas shopper.

Loftis Bros. & Co.

DIAMOND CUTTERS AND MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

Dept. P-III, 92 to 98 State Street
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

Copyright, 1904, Franklin Advertising Agency, Chicago.

SAVE A DIAMOND

DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS

certificates are quoted at 23 bid, 23½ asked; the last sale was made at 23.

For St. Louis Brewing 6s 99 is asked; for old Broadway 5s 103½ is bid, at which the last sale was made. East St. Louis and Suburban 5s are selling at 100¼, for Taylor Avenue Railway 6s 110½ is bid.

Money at the local banks is in fair demand, with interest rates steady at from 4½ to 5½ per cent. For exchange on New York 45 cents premium is bid, 50 asked. For Chicago exchange 30 cents premium is asked. Sterling exchange is firmer, the last quotation being \$4.87½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Y. Z.—Would not be in a hurry to invest in stock mentioned. Its price cannot be regarded as attractive, considering that it pays only 6 per cent.

Subscriber, Des Moines, Iowa.—Would realize on Wisconsin Central preferred. Stock high enough. Don't pay too much attention to absorption rumors.

G. R. E., LaPorte, Ind.—Take your profits on Rock Island preferred. No use waiting for the top eighth. Let the other fellow have it. Don't touch Pacific Mail.

L. P. O'B., Ft. Scott, Kan.—Would not care to advise buying Wabash debenture 6s at present prices. Manipulation, of course, may carry them higher. No interest on them in sight, as yet.

F. T. M.—Would hang on to Mechanics. Cannot see for the life of me what you want to buy Granite-Bimetallic for. The stuff is too high even at 35.

NEW STEAMSHIP TO CUBA.

Commencing November 15th, 1904, the large and modern steamship "Saratoga," of the Munson Steamship Line, will ply between Mobile, Ala., and Havana, Cuba, making the trip in less than 40 hours. Low rates via the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Write Jno. M. Beall, G. P. A., M. & O. Railroad, St. Louis, for full particulars.



Through ar Lines

—TO—

CHICAGO
OMAHA
ST. PAUL
SALT LAKE CITY
DETROIT
TORONTO
NEW YORK
WHEELING

KANSAS CITY
DES MOINES
MINNEAPOLIS
TOLEDO
BUFFALO
BOSTON
PITTSBURG
FORT WAYNE

CITY TICKET OFFICE,

EIGHTH AND OLIVE STS., AND UNION STATION.

BOOKS { All the late cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at } **ROEDER'S BOOK STORE**
616 LOCUST STREET.

10 FAST TRAINS to 10,000 EASTERN CITIES

—VIA—

BIG FOUR ROUTE

Lake Shore, New York Central, Boston & Albany, Pittsburg & Lake Erie, Erie R. R., Lehigh Valley and Chesapeake & Ohio.

Connection with all Steamship Lines to and from New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Norfolk

TICKET OFFICE
Broadway & Chestnut

W. G. KNITTLE,
GEN'L. AGENT.

..TO..
Eastern Cities

LOWEST RATES
BEST SERVICE.

**COVER
LEAF
ROUTE**

INFORMATION CHEERFULLY GIVEN

ED. KEANE,
Ass't. Gen'l. Passenger Agent,
104 North Fourth, ST. LOUIS

CARMODY'S,
213 N. Eighth St.
FINEST LIQUORS
THAT'S ALL.

B & O S-W

HISTORIC AND PICTURESQUE
ROUTE TO

NEW YORK

VIA

Washington, Baltimore
and Philadelphia.

Stop-Over Privileges on all
First-Class Tickets.

3 ELEGANT VESTIBULED
TRAINS, AND ALL
OF THEM DAILY.

COACHES WITH HIGH BACK SEATS,
PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS,
OBSERVATION SLEEPING CARS,
COMPANY'S OWN DINING CAR
SERVICE.

Meas Served "a la Carte."

SEE The Beautiful Allegheny Moun-
tains, Historic Harper's Ferry,
The Potomac River, and the Na-
tional Capital

For Rates, Time of Trains, Sleeping Car Reserva-
tions, Etc. call on any Ticket Agent or address
F. D. GILDERSLEEVE, ST. LOUIS, MO.
O. P. McCARTY,
Gen. Pass. Agent. Cincinnati, O.

THE Texas Train

Leaves St. Louis daily
5.00 p. m. A smooth
track and a smooth
train. Through Sleep-
ing and dining cars.

Pine Bluff, Shreveport, Texarkana, Dallas,
Ft. Worth, Houston, Beaumont,
Lake Charles and intermediate
points.



Cotton Belt Route
909 Olive St.--Union Station,
ST. LOUIS.

**Burlington
Route**

\$6.⁵⁰

Is the price of double berth in tourist sleeper for

CALIFORNIA

Lv. St. Louis 9:01 P. M. Every Wednesday.

For full particulars call at
TICKET OFFICE, BROADWAY AND OLIVE STREET.
Or write W. A. LALOR, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

THE For LIQUOR DRINKING, MORPHINE THE
Keeley Cure All Narcotic Drug Using, Neurasthenia, Tobacco and Cigarette Addictions Keeley Cure
DR. J. E. BLAINE, Physician and Manager
2801-3-5 Locust St., St. Louis. Bell Phone, Beaumont 450
HOME TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO AND NEURASTHENIA

St. Ann's Maternity Hospital,
Centh and O'Fallon Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This institution is open over fifty years. Those conducting it have vast experi-
ences. There are private rooms and wards. Terms moderate. Private room patients
can have their own physicians. Arrangements can be made for the care of infants.

For further information apply to

TELEPHONE: Kinloch D 1595.

SISTER SUPERIOR.

The Grand Wm. Schaefer,
Proprietor.

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets.

**Finest Bar and Billiard
Hall in the West**

STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS
IN EVERY RESPECT.



HOT SPRINGS
ARKANSAS



NEAR HOT SPRINGS, ARK.



HOT SPRINGS MOUNTAIN



POTASH SULPHUR LAKE AND BOAT HOUSE



PORCH ON GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL



GOVERNMENT DRIVE ON WEST MOUNTAIN

REACHED DIRECT FROM
ST. LOUIS AND MEMPHIS
IN ELECTRIC LIGHTED
SOLID THROUGH TRAINS
VIA THE
IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

St. Louis Ticket Office, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Olive Streets.

EVERY LARGE CITY IN TEXAS IS LOCATED ON THE M. K. & T. RY.

This is one good reason why you should use
"the Katy" to reach Dallas, Ft. Worth,
Austin, San Antonio, Houston, Galveston, and Waco.



For FAST TIME take

"THE KATY FLYER."

Ask the man at 520 OLIVE ST.

or write "Katy," St. Louis.



TO

Kansas City

3—Exquisite Daily Trains—3

Morning—Afternoon—Night

These trains are composed of the highest
type of Standard Sleeping Cars, Parlor Cars,
Reclining Chair Cars, free, and Cafe and Dining
Observation Cars; all electric lighted.

SHORT LINE

ROCK BALLAST

NO TUNNEL

**CHICAGO &
ALTON**

Ticket Offices:
Carleton Building,
Union Station.

"BIG FOUR"

—AND—

New York Central

ONLY ALL-RAIL ROUTE

INTO

ONLY Railroad Station

IN

NEW YORK CITY

ONLY Route with NO FERRY TRANSFER.

LOW TOURIST RATES

TICKET OFFICES—Broadway and Chestnut, Union Station and
World's Fair Grounds.
W. P. DEPPE, Chief Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent.